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ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR.

### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

The great literary event of the past month was the arrival of Charles Dickens in this country. Cordial and true hearted hospitality has been universally extended to him, and to the sensible fellowship of the liberal, wise, and independent, he has been welcomed; while the brainless and gaudy flirts and imitators who join in all public demonstrations, have swelled the procession, like the miscellaneous cortege of black, white and gray, which follows and outnumbers a military parade, or a civic procession. The habits of keen observation have undoubtedly learned him to discriminate between the glittering mob, and those who really appreciate his talents, and personally wish him well; but it is by no means a pleasant reflection that those who actually know most of him, and admire and understand him best, have been in a great measure shut out by the crowd who paid the same devotion to Fanny Ellsler, and stand ready to beleaguer the next lion, political, military, fashionable, saltatorial, pictorial, deaf, dumb or blind, brute beast, or human being, who may "come along." But Mr. Dickens early learned the disadvantages under which he was laboring, and penetrated the screen which was shutting him out from the real people, the true people, the firesides and domestic manners which he came out to witness; and the determination to which he came, to accept no more public demonstrations, will put him on a footing much more satisfactory to himself. He will be able to enjoy something of the liberty of observation which he might have had, had he come over as plain Mr. Dickens, without the addendum of the magical word "Boz" to his name. But he cannot entirely protect his ears from the moths who will flutter round the halo conferred by the authorship of the "Curiosity Shop;" and might have much better effected the true purposes of a traveller had he come upon his journey entirely incognito.

Our opinion of the works of Mr. Dickens it is unnecessary here to repeat. For pathos and truth they are unsurpassed, and evince a knowledge of human nature, and of the operations of society and its usages upon human character, which we are truly astonished to find in a man so young. The contemporaries of Christopher Columbus ploughed their old beaten familiar tracks upon the most accessible parts of the ocean without being remembered even to the next generation; while Columbus, perhaps not their superior in general seamanship, by one bold and happy thought, happily carried out, won an undying name for himself, and gave a new world to Europe. Many writers of equal talent with Mr. Dickens, have labored on through long lives, commanding bare subsistence, and will "die and leave no sign."—They run in the same path with their predecessors, they conform to all the prejudices of authorcraft, and of conventional forms as they found them. They are the literary skimmers along shore of modern literature; while Dickens, like Columbus, has dared to launch boldly forth, confident in his own powers, to seek a "new world" in human life and human nature. New it is, in the same sense that this continent was new to Europe. America had existed from the date of creation; Dickens's literary new world had existed from the foundations of society; but it needed a discoverer, in each case, to bring the hidden treasures forward.

We have been pained to observe that some of our contemporaries of the press handle Mr. Dickens with a great deal more unkindness than is necessary, in reference to his advocacy of an international copyright law. That he should be in favor of such an enactment is perfectly

natural, and perfectly proper; and his frankness in the expression of his opinions is a highly commendable trait, in strict keeping with his reputation and character. But, while the sensible and hospitable portion of our countrymen listen to him with perfect good nature, he will find that it is easier to gain the public ear, than to win the public judgment. The very circumstance which gives Mr. Dickens his wide popularity in this country, has been the freedom with which his works have been circulated, in—we had almost said—thousands of vehicles. The necessary operation of an international copyright, would be to deprive him of by far the greater part of his readers.

The doctrine of protection of American manufacturers and producers, is far enough from being one of universal acceptance in this country. The friends of an international copyright law go farther; they ask us to tax the American people, and to cut off the larger moiety of their intellectual gratification, for the protection and benefit of English writers. They desire that we should disarrange and embarrass the immense interests connected with the publishing business in this country, from publishers through printers, press-makers, paper-makers, type-founders, their operatives, and the various persons dependent upon these immense interests; and the reward for all this self-denial, is to be the quixotic realization of theoretical justice; the giving to English writers protection and compensation for what costs them nothing, and in no whit interferes with or diminishes their legitimate benefits and perquisites, as English subjects.

We are well aware that expected benefits to the American author are what the advocates of the proposed law principally insist upon, in urging its enactment. The main argument is, that if booksellers were prevented from taking English works, they would be compelled to pay American writers. Such reasoners, however, forget that the literary appetite "grows with what it feeds on;" and that it is the abundance of matter to read which creates readers.

To put such a duty upon literature as will raise its price, lessens the number of readers, and of course lessens the demand for books. This would raise the price again, to compensate authors and publishers; and we should soon find ourself in the position of older countries, where cheap editions of such books only as are no longer copyright, would be in the hands of the people.

There is little fear, however, that any law like that desired by English writers will ever be passed by our legislators; and whether it does or not, is of no consequence to the publishers of the "Dollar Magazine." A very large proportion of its contents is original; and, but for the reasonable desire that our readers possess to see the productions of authors of other countries, we might, without inconvenience or increased expense, make its contents "entirely original." We speak for the people in this matter—not for our ourselves.

☞ Poor McDonald Clark; betrayed by heartless sporters with his mental calamities into an insufferable extravagance, has been sent to Blackwell's Island, to the Hospital for the Insane. We hope the fools who have amused themselves with destroying what little reason he had left, now feel comfortable.

PARK—The Theatre opened on Monday evening, 21st ult., with the new tragedy of Nina Sforza. We hope that the season may be brilliant and remunerative to manager and company.

### "THIS HOUSE TO LET."

We have sometimes amused ourselves with imagining what a stranger, unaware of our customs in Manhattan, must think when, in February, he meets placards at every turn, "This House" or "Part of this House," or "This House and Store to Let." He must readily credit the complaint of "hard times," and imagine either that the population snail like were universally drawing in their horns, or that we had decided to live without houses, or that railroad, stage and canal stock must be improving under the universal spirit of emigration. He would be staggered by hearing that the placards do not tell the whole story. There is even more moving than is expressed in the bills. The fear of being over-run with house-hunters makes many tenants capital agents for their landlords. They work industriously, and in a great many cases successfully, to provide successors to their tenements, in order to escape the rush of impertinent curiosity, like the frogs of Egypt up into their very dormitories.

Walking-shoes ought to be in good demand—that is if ladies wore any thing but slippers in muddy weather—for we notice that they have already commenced their peripatetic studies into the domestic economy of their neighbors. It is a tempting pursuit, and we cannot wonder at it. Poll Prys, and Paul Prys, who have for months ached as they have seen callers enter and come out at doors sealed to the curious, embrace with avidity the first opportunity, upon which the placard on the door-post is an open sesame. They wish to discover where that last new sofa could have been put; and to ascertain what the upholsterer could possibly have been called for so many times. They pine to know in what culinary utensils so many baskets of marketing were converted into Christian food; and to see, by a well directed squint into the pantries, whether Mr. So-and-So took his hock in a blue glass.

Infinite in number are the queries to the solving of which circumstantial evidence is now about to be applied. By the way—we wonder if Colt's room has been placarded "to let" yet? If Mr. What-was-his-name, the colored gentleman who was afraid of that box, could only receive a penny from each visitor, in such case, his salary and perquisites, per annum, would be nothing to his receipts of toll. Were a shrewd man in his shoes, he might make a fortune out of the thing, and we only wonder that the proprietor of the American Museum, at the corner of Ann-street, has not bought the building, and added it to his collection. It would make a decided feature in his bill.

After all, however, we do not deem the curiosity of many of the million who make the public, to see Colt's room, any more culpable than the universal desire of all sorts of people to get a peep into other people's houses. There would seem to be some exciting, if not rational motive in the one case, which does not exist in the other. Any place that is remarkable for any thing, is worth looking at; and the preliminary trouble that looking may involve, is, altogether a matter of taste. But this disturbing the Lares and Penates of everybody's domicile, for no reason at all, is to the last degree ridiculous.

But, insist upon your "right of search," ladies. No matter for the rhyme or the reason, or whether you want a house or not. It is your unalienable right, and will be, while the landlords have the disposition of the matter. Don't be frustrated by any sour or repulsive looks. They are the poetry and punctuation of the thing; as necessary as gin-and-water to a Byron, or admiration points to a horrid accident maker. Select as muddy days as possible, and pay no attention to the specification of particular hours for surveys. Don't show that mercy to others that nobody shows to you. Don't let any door pass unopened; and if you can peep into the saucepans, or tell by the look of the oven what was in it last, or will be in it next, be sure you do it. A Special Edict. Respect this.

### OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The portrait which accompanies this notice is one of the best, in a small space, which we ever saw. It seems not a mere portrait of Goldsmith, but an artist's ideal of the kind and gentle spirit which animated the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*; wept over the *Deserted Village*, and depicted in that eloquent poem, "The Traveller," the emotions of a true lover of his country, who, in his absence,

"—dragged, at each remove, a lengthening chain."

Goldsmith, as an author, is one with whom the world ever had sym-

pathy, and ever will have. His lightest sketches are not superficial, but, like the surface of the quiet shaded lake, take their tints and truth from the depths below. Master of the human heart, he wrote for no one class or age; eloquent in the exuberance of his own thoughts, he speaks on paper naturally and without effort. In reading him it sometimes seems as if you were listening to an accidental revelation—a soliloquy not intended to be heard, and of course sincere; or you may at other points almost fancy that you are not engaged with a second person, but are hearkening to the echoes of your own heart.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, Ireland, in 1731. He died in London, despondent and unhappy, in 1774; having in that forty years lived a century, and in his literary life and works erected a monument which will endure while men exchange their thoughts with each other, through the medium of any language.

—"Princes and kings may flourish or may fade,  
A breath may make them, as a breath has made—"

But the true nobility of genius, needing no breath of power to make it felt, will survive kingdoms and princes, and remain unforgotten, while man retains a human soul.

The errors and faults of the subject of our notice were among the most useful materials which entered into the formation of his literary character. His simplicities and eccentricities, careless improvidence and reckless generosity, while they unfitted him for wrestling with the contemporary world, gave him a knowledge of character, and an appreciation of motives and conduct, which have contributed every thing to the naturalness and truth of his works. What, while he lived, "made the judicious grieve," now ensures the best praises of all critics. In saying these things, we do not intend to argue in favor of the necessity for the license, which the gifted of the last century were too fond of taking.—Their follies induced and perpetuated their penury; and it was their own fault that they were subsistent upon "patronage," which as then understood, was but another name for charity. Surely, if any thing should confer independence upon its possessor, superior attributes of mind might be supposed capable of doing it. A little common sense is good alloy for genius; but is, unfortunately, too seldom found allied with it.

The work for which Goldsmith is most admired, is the *Vicar of Wakefield*. We have before noticed the elegant edition of that novel, published by the Messrs. Appleton, to whom we are indebted for the engraving which accompanies this article. Had we the power to put books into the hands of every reader, the *Vicar of Wakefield* should be our first article of distribution, after the Bible. His earlier work, the "Citizen of the World," has scarcely less claims upon the public, though of a less attractive description to the cursory reader. It first appeared in the form of periodical contributions to the "Public Ledger," and has formed the model upon which many volumes of letters have since been published, none of them coming up to the great original. In 1765 appeared the poem of "The Traveller." In 1766 was published the "Vicar of Wakefield," and shortly afterward a *History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*. So liberal was the tone of this work, and so elegant its diction, that its authorship was usually attributed to Lord Lyttleton. Goldsmith, who wrote for a living, took no pains to remove any public impression which aided the sale of his works. He was the author of much which appeared under other names than his own; and he was sometimes driven by necessity to the sale of his name to publications with the preparation of which he had nothing to do.

In 1768 "The Good Natured Man," a comedy, was produced at Covent Garden, with less success than it merited. The hero is generally reputed to be a transcript of some points in the author's own character. Four years afterward, in "She Stoops to Conquer," he gave other traits of himself, with infinitely better success. It was at once triumphant, and has ever since kept possession of the stage. His "Deserted Village" appeared in 1770; and about the same time were first published his *Roman History* and a *History of England* in four volumes. His other principal works are a *Grecian History*, and his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. His compilations are happy and interesting, but, the *Animated Nature*, particularly, is remarkable for some amusing errors and the perpetuation of superstitious and poetical fictions, which were too good to be questioned by an author who wrote as much to amuse as to instruct. Such, however, was the confidence that success in compilation gave him, that at the time of his death he was meditating an universal dictionary of arts and sciences.

Melancholy, resulting from his deranged circumstances, terminated in April, 1774, in a low fever, of which he died. He was buried with few attendants upon the ceremony, in the Temple Church, but a monument was afterwards erected to him in Westminster Abbey, the Latin inscription for which was furnished by Dr. Johnson. It was truly observed of him in his epitaph that he "left no species of writing untouched, and adorned all to which he applied himself."



WRITTEN FOR THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

## THE BELLE OF BELLEVILLE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY WILLIS.

In one of the southern counties of the great State of New York, there is a small village embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills sufficiently high to entitle them to the name of mountains. It lies remote from the road usually taken by travellers, on their way to the extremities of the state, and on this account, it is rarely visited by strangers, unless particular business happen to bring them into the by-road which goes through it. For certain reasons, we shall drop its Indian name, and call it Belleville.

In the afternoon of a beautiful day in September, the scene from the porch of the Belleville Inn, was enchanting in the highest degree. The blue mountains with a dense and well defined outline, rose majestically into a serene and cloudless sky; and as the sun had already sunk behind the western ridge, the shadows of evening had begun to settle upon the little village, the valley, and the streams. A rivulet, over which the road is carried by a neat bridge, ran near the door, and following a devious track through the valley, passed through a gorge in the distant hills that terminated the view. To the left of the inn, situated upon a green knoll, was a small white church, whose spire and gilded ball and vane contrasted strongly against the deep blue of the highlands behind them; and at a little distance beyond, embowered in a clump of noble trees—the primeval growth of the country—was the house of the parson—a pioneer in the cause of God, to that remote settlement.

On the opposite side of the vacant space, or green, in front of the church, there stood half a score of houses, one of which was conspicuous for its neatness, and a tasteful arrangement of the grounds about it, which were enclosed by a white pale fence. Some ornamental trees grew within the enclosure and before the door; the front and sides of the house were partially covered with flowering vines; while the garden behind exhibited an array of plants that showed the occupants of that mansion to be superior in taste, if not in knowledge, to the majority of their fellow villagers.

The windows of this house were furnished with Venetian blinds, and at the moment we have introduced the reader, one of them was open, and a young lady apparently about eighteen years of age, might have been seen gazing listlessly down the valley. Her hair was black as night, her skin, pure as the driven snow. Her cheek, on which the tint of the rose was blended with that of the lily, was resting upon her hand. A more beautiful picture than that window presented, surrounded as it was by a trumpet-creeper, can hardly be conceived. But as we shall hereafter have occasion to introduce this charming lady to the reader's acquaintance, we shall, for the present, leave her, and turn our attention to another and less attractive quarter.

On the porch of the "Drover's Home," for such was the name of the inn, if a huge sign before the door spoke the truth, was seated the landlord at the side of his daughter Mary. The former was a good specimen of his class, and exhibited an appearance that indicated anything rather than a scarcity of provisions in the fair village of Belleville. His countenance was plump and sleek, and generally wore a good natured smile. Mary was a pretty girl, but as there was nothing remarkable about her, either intellectually or physically, it is not worth while to describe her.

John Hurd (the landlord,) as we have remarked, was seated near his daughter, and was occupied in reading aloud a city newspaper of a few weeks old, which he had that morning received with some others from a neighboring town. Mary who, like most of her sex, had a strong desire to know what was going on in the world, gave her undivided attention to the article which her father was perusing; and so much interested was she in what she heard, that she had forgotten to proceed with what she had a few moments before been doing, namely, feeding some twenty chickens and ducks, from a pan of Indian meal and water. The paragraph in question, referred to the robbery of a large commercial house by one or two of its clerks, who had thereby possessed themselves of a large sum of money. The particulars of this matter were withheld, though, as the account stated, sufficient had been ascertained to fix the theft upon two young gentlemen of good families, and, hitherto, of irreproachable standing.

"You see, Mary," said the landlord, when he had concluded the article, "what men these big cities contain. I hope you will be content to remain here amongst honest people, and never ask me again to take you to New York."

"But father," responded the simple-minded girl, "they tell me that New York has more people than a hundred such villages as ours; and it can't be possible that half of them are as bad as those young men."

"I tell you, Molly," rejoined the father, "that city is filled with the greatest set of vagabonds on God's earth, and I would not have you set your foot in it for the whole of this valley—no, not if every hundred acres were a farm well stocked, and worth a mint of money. Take my advice and never go near a city."

"But if you went along," said Molly, "there could be no danger; for I would keep hold of your arm, and you should carry all that would be worth stealing."

"Ah, Molly, Molly," said her father, opening another paper, "if you

know when you are well off, you will stay at home, and never think of going to New York."

"I should like it of all things," said Molly, not very well pleased, and throwing a handful of meal among the scrambling fowls, "and I hope I shall see that city before I die. Sally Baker told me that it is the finest place in the whole world; such lots of people and all dressed so fine. Then you can walk, she says, for miles and miles among high houses, without coming to the end; and as to the stores, Sally says, all filled with the handsomest goods, there's no such thing as counting them."

"Further particulars of the robbery," said her father, interrupting her.

At this moment their attention was attracted by the approach of a small, neat, four-wheeled vehicle, containing a well-dressed young man, his luggage, dog, gun, and other sporting implements.

"There comes one of your town men now," said Molly. "Shall I run in the house and hide myself to get out of harm's way?"

"Stay a bit," replied the landlord, laughing; "perhaps he won't stop here; but if he should, you may go and get tea ready."

"I'll have a sight of the gentleman first," replied Molly, not at all pleased that her father would give her no encouragement that he would ever take her to see the city which she so much desired to behold. New York, about which she had heard so many stories, told by the villagers that had been there, was to her, what the holy city was to the pilgrims of old—a place on which her thoughts seemed continually to dwell, and rather than be debarred the exquisite pleasure of seeing which, she would probably have been willing to sacrifice a considerable portion of her life. She persisted in remaining in the piazza until the stranger drove up, nor did she move till her father bid her call the hostler, and afterwards attend to her work. Molly pouted but obeyed.

The visits of strangers who wore the appearance of gentlemen, were not so frequent at that inn—the only one in the place, be it known—as to render the advent of one a matter of little importance to the villagers. On this occasion the curiosity of the people appeared to be unusually excited. Perhaps, as it was Saturday afternoon, they had less to do than common, or were inclined to anticipate, by a few hours, the relaxation from labor which is brought by the Sabbath. Whatever the cause was, however, it seemed as though half the village had, in the space of a few minutes, congregated at the tavern. The blacksmith left his hammer and iron, and having wiped his face, approached the centre of attraction in company with a carpenter or two, who, not behind the iron-worker in curiosity, had abandoned their benches and planes to learn who the visitor was, whence he came, what his business was, and how long he intended to sojourn at Belleville. The store-keeper, too, a steady and industrious plodder, seeing the men on their way to the inn, could not resist the temptation of making one of the company; and after bidding his clerk to be watchful and attentive, walked slowly behind the others. The clerk, however, was not the person to interpret literally the order of his employer, and he accordingly construed it liberally enough to admit of his abandoning the shop for what time it might take to see the stranger and learn all about him. Besides these, some dozen of persons, including a few ragged, shoeless, hatless, white-headed boys, came up from different directions, all intent upon two things, namely, to gratify their eyes by examining the new-comer and his appointments, and to increase their stores of information, by the addition of such knowledge as they might be able to extract from him.

Nor was the better class of people devoid of a reasonable share of curiosity. The village doctor laid down his pestle and mortar and came to his door, and four of the eight lawyers with whom Belleville was blessed, soon made their appearance on the outside of their several offices. The other four attorneys, had they been at home, would, doubtless, have exhibited as much curiosity as their brethren; but the truth is, three of them were absent "pettifogging," and the fourth was in a distant town, seeking to improve his condition, by taking a wife poorer, if that were possible, than himself. At the date of our story, strange as it may appear, there was no bank in Belleville; otherwise we should have had it to record that the president, cashier, and half a dozen of directors, perhaps, were among those who were startled into unusual activity by the arrival of our hero. It may be well to add that the good people of that village have long since discovered how much they were behind the age in lacking a "monetary institution," and that they are now in possession of three of this nature, which supply them with a sound circulating medium.

There is one character whom we must not forget to mention as having manifested great interest in this arrival, because he is to be hereafter noticed in the course of this history, as having played a pretty important part. I refer to Virgil Slim the editor of the Belleville Independent Banner. At the moment the stranger's wagon passed his door, Mr. Slim was occupied in perusing a severe tirade against the editor of a rival paper published a few miles off; and no sooner did one of his devils acquaint him with the fact that a gentleman had driven up to the inn, than he dropped his pen, overset the chair in his hurry, and sallied head foremost into the road. There he slackened his pace, and assumed a very dignified air, at the same time glancing towards the lady we have already noticed as being seated at a window. Then he made a straight line towards the tavern porch, determined to find out, as soon as possible, all that could be learned about the object of his laudable curiosity.

The last person whom we shall mention in this interesting catalogue, was one who certainly had the best right to manifest an excess of curi-

osity; but she was precisely the one who seemed to possess the least. I speak of the lady at the window. It is true that she followed the vehicle with her lustrous black eyes from the moment it came in sight till it stopped at the inn; but immediately afterwards, she stretched out a beautiful white arm, closed the Venetian blinds, and descended the stairs into the parlour.

When the stranger drew up at the inn door, he looked with an air of surprise upon the little crowd that had assembled to greet him, and paused a moment without speaking, apparently debating with himself upon the propriety of alighting among such a motley multitude of stagers. At length he decided to carry out his original intention of stopping at that house, presuming, perhaps, that its hangers-on were not always so numerous as they happened to be at that moment. The blacksmith did him the favor to take the horse by the head; a carpenter, at the landlord's request, took out the baggage and placed it upon the porch; while the editor, Mr. Slim, appropriated to himself the fowling-piece, which he took the freedom to draw from its leathern case, and inspect with the nicest care. He did not fail to observe the name George Sheldon engraved upon the silver thumb-piece; and that it might not escape his recollection, he made a memorandum of it in pencil upon a small bit of paper. Having satisfied his curiosity, and restored the piece to its case, he called the gentleman by name, and inquired whether he could favor him with any late newspaper that he might have brought from the city. Mr. Sheldon, who was a good natured young man, was rather amused than offended by this familiarity, and instead of repelling Mr. Slim's advances towards an acquaintance, as many would have done, he drew several papers from his pocket, and handed them with a slight bow and a smile to the gratified printer. The latter forgot to express his thanks, but said he would return the papers in the evening, when he hoped to find the gentleman at home.

"If you can accommodate me, landlord," said Mr. Sheldon, placing the lines into Boniface's hands, "I may spend a day or two with you, possibly a week, should I find good sport in the neighborhood."

"Well, I can try," said the landlord with that ungracious manner which characterizes the majority of our country inn-keepers, but which expressed no ill feeling, since he was an honest and kind hearted man; "guess we can manage to keep you tolerably snug, if you a'n't too particular."

"A clean bed, landlord," said Mr. Sheldon, "and fare good of its kind, are all I require, and if you can furnish them, I shall be satisfied."

"Well, well," answered the landlord; "walk in, walk in; I reckon you'll have no reason to complain. Here John, take the gentleman's horse, but don't give him any water till I come out."

The landlord, assisted by one of the boys, then shouldered the baggage and carried it up stairs into the largest bedroom the house contained, where he found Molly bustling about, and putting things into complete order. In a few minutes he descended to the bar-room, and invited Sheldon to walk up, and see his apartment. Hurd led the way up stairs, and as he entered the room, observed, "This, sir, is the best apartment I have—"

"It will do very well, landlord," said Sheldon, kindly; "every thing looks neat and clean. Here are two beds, however; I must stipulate that no one else be allowed to sleep in this room, and if it be any disadvantage to you, to let one remain empty, I must indemnify you."

"You may have entire control of this chamber," responded Hurd, "and no one shall disturb you."

"Thank you," said Sheldon. "Landlord, pray tell me who that individual is, that asked me for the papers?"

Not having heard any papers asked for, Hurd did not immediately reply; for, without a description of his person, he was unable to decide which of the motley group Mr. Sheldon referred to:—"What sort of man was he?"

"He was slender in person, slovenly in his dress, had white hair and eyebrows, wore his hat low in the back of his neck, and looked more like an idiot than a man of ordinary capacity."

"Oh, that," replied Hurd, laughing, "was Mr. Slim, the editor of the Belleville Independent Banner. He's reckoned about these parts, a pretty cute chap, and writes all-fired sharp. He's a little conceited though, and thinks he's all creation."

"You seem to have in Belleville," said Sheldon, walking to a window, and putting aside a small curtain, "a goodly number of persons, who have, apparently, little or nothing to do. A very pretty place this," he continued, making a sweep with his eye of so much of the village and landscape, as could be seen from whence he stood; "I think I shall be content to remain here some weeks. By the way, landlord, who lives in that pretty house yonder, with the vines running up the sides and front?"

"That belongs to Mr. Ashton," responded Hurd. "He's the richest man we have in the village, but they say he is not nigh so rich as he used to be, having lost the most of his property, so the story goes, before he moved here. The people hereabouts like him very much, and last year, wanted him to stand for the legislature, but he refused."

"If I am not much mistaken," said Sheldon, "I just now saw a female at one of the parlor windows, too young, apparently, to be the wife of Mr. Ashton, unless, indeed, that gentleman be under five-and-twenty."

"It was probably his daughter Belinda," said Hurd. "She's a downright nice girl, and the young fellows about here reckon her a non-such, or, as Mr. Slim calls her a *non-perile*; but what he means by that, the

deuce only knows. Belinda's a real fine young woman though, and has a power of larning. I advise you to get acquainted with her. I know you'd like her."

"That is quite probable," said Sheldon; "but I have no prospect of making any acquaintance. I desire to sojourn here, if possible, in a retired manner, without much intercourse with any person, and to pursue alone such sport in hunting and fishing as the neighborhood may afford."

"You may find any quantity of game in the woods and on the mountains," said Hurd; "and if you like trout-fishing, I can show you a stream in which you may catch as many as you want."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Landlord," observed Sheldon, "and to-morrow morning, if the weather be good, I will commence the sport in good earnest. Now, sir, if you will have the kindness to see that my horse and dog are well fed and watered, I should be obliged."

Understanding this hint, the landlord, after promising to see the animals well cared for, withdrew. Our hero then proceeded to rid his person of the dust he had gathered in his journey, and to enjoy the luxury of a thorough ablution. Having accomplished this, and changed his dress, he seated himself by a window to await the summons to tea.

## CHAPTER II.

George Sheldon was about twenty-five years of age, and if report in this instance, speak the truth, he was considered handsome by the ladies—the best judges of manly beauty. He certainly possessed a pleasing countenance, though the face was by no means faultless; and there was a peculiarly sweet expression of the eyes and mouth, that more than countervailed the defects of other features. His dress, language, and general bearing, were such as to establish his title to the character of a respectable and well educated young man.

When Mr. Sheldon had seated himself by the window, and so arranged the curtain that he could see without being himself observed, he seemed, after a few moments to be no longer interested in what was passing below him, and to have sunk into profound thought. His cheek rested upon his hand, and his eyes after roaming over the beautiful scene without, became fixed on one spot of the floor; while the expression of his countenance, which was sad, manifested that something was preying upon his mind.

Can it be true, the reader will naturally inquire, that a young man who had thus come into the country, apparently with high hopes and feelings, to enjoy the exciting sports of the field, should so soon have altered his manner, and discovered that he was not indeed the happy man he had appeared to be, and that his heart, instead of being free from any cause of grief, was, in truth, disturbed by a secret sorrow? He had been disappointed in love, methinks I hear some one say; and having been rejected by the lady, had fled to the country, there to give vent to his wounded feelings. Not so, gentle reader; our hero, though an ardent admirer of the sex, had never been in love. There was, however, an adequate cause for this exhibition of feeling, and though he had sufficient self-control, when in the presence of others, to prevent it being noticed that he was unhappy, yet, when alone, he seldom failed to dwell with intense mental agony upon the source of his secret grief.

It had become nearly dark, before Mr. Sheldon was summoned to tea. Discarding from his mind all other than cheerful thoughts, he descended the stairs and was ushered into a small apartment adjoining the bar-room, where he found our friend Molly ready to do the honors of the table. He opened a conversation with her, while he was disposing of his tea and toast, and obtained considerable information, concerning the most conspicuous residents of Belleville, the finest rides, and the places of interest in that vicinity. Molly seemed pleased that she possessed the power of entertaining so agreeable a stranger, and soon gained so much confidence, that at last she began to touch upon topics personal to herself, and volunteered several remarks touching her own feelings, hopes, and wishes. She did not forget to make inquiries about the city on which her thoughts dwelt so much of the time, and was thrown into raptures by the glowing account of it given by Mr. Sheldon. From her manner, it appeared that, much as she knew of it from report and from reading, the half had not been told her. The simple girl, delighted with the frank and affable manners of the young man, conceived the idea of placing herself under his protection when he should return to the city, not doubting in the least, that the gentleman who had taken so much pains to describe that great place to her, would willingly permit her to visit it under his auspices. By way of introducing the proposition, she observed that, from childhood, she had much wished to go thither, and that she now desired, above all things to gratify this long-cherished project, but was prevented by the want of means, and a proper attendant. Mr. Sheldon understood the hint, and regarded it as an invitation to supply her with both; but he made no reply. Molly was about to pursue the subject, when the door opened and Mr. Slim came stalking into the room with his hat on, and a bundle of the Independent Banner under his arm.

It may not be amiss to give a sketch of this Mr. Slim. We have already afforded to the reader some notion of his outward man, and said all that it would be interesting to know about so ordinary a piece of humanity. This gentleman—for gentleman he was in his own estimation at least, had been a compositor in some country printing office, and having picked up a little knowledge, and made himself sufficiently acquainted with English Grammar to enable him to write without committing any serious blunders, he began to be dissatisfied with his vocation, and



at length determined to publish a newspaper in the village of Belleville. To describe the difficulties he encountered in this undertaking, would be foreign to our purpose: suffice it to say, that he succeeded in procuring a sufficient number of subscribers, to warrant his commencing the publication of the Independent Banner; and from that moment he felt that the country could boast of few abler or more important characters than himself. Uneducated as he was, he seemed to be forthwith supplied with all sorts of knowledge, inasmuch that there was scarcely a subject on which he was not, in his judgment, qualified to express an opinion. He thought himself a great critic too, and like many of those vain, conceited, ill-tempered persons of similar pretensions, was uniformly condemnatory. In his opinion, it was quite beneath a manly and independent criticism to admit that a work contained any beauties; and he was never known to write a syllable in praise of any thing that fell under his notice. Mr. Slim was himself an author, and had ventured to favor the world with some grotesque tales which he dedicated to one of the hundred thousand colonels of this title-loving country; but the work, it is unnecessary to add, fell still born from the press, much to the disappointment and chagrin of the respectable writer. Some people were so ungenerous as to hint that this signal failure was the cause of his asperity towards all others of the craft; but his friends were inclined to think that his severity proceeded from the deep interest he felt in the literature of America, and from his desire to establish a reputation as a manly and independent critic. Such was the editor of the Belleville Independent Banner,—a man *sui generis*, bearing little or no resemblance (certainly not in his ungainly person) to any other individual of the same vocation.

When Mr. Slim entered the room so unceremoniously, he made what was intended for a bow, said "How do again, Mr. Sheldon," and immediately after, fell rather than sat down upon a chair, at the same time pushing back from his forehead, a worn-out hat two sizes too large for him, from under the right side of which hung about six inches of a blue printed handkerchief, bearing a rude likeness of General Jackson. The legs of his unmentionables immediately raised above the tops of his boots, one of which was so much rent as to permit the exit of his great uncovered toe, and both were sadly run down at the heel, showing very clearly, either that their owner was a great economizer of money, or that the Independent Banner was not a very profitable concern.

Mr. Sheldon was evidently surprised at this visitation, and did not immediately reply; but, as we have before remarked, he was a good natured man, and instead of repelling the advances of Mr. Slim, he concluded to meet them in a friendly spirit, and to gratify the gentleman's desire to make his acquaintance.

"My name, sir," continued the visitor, "is Virgil Slim, and I have the honor to occupy the editorial chair of the Belleville Independent Banner. Seeing that you are a stranger in the village, and presuming that the society of an intelligent (ahem!) resident would not be unacceptable, I have taken the freedom to call upon you, and to introduce myself."

"You are very kind, Mr. Slim," said Mr. Sheldon, penetrating the man's character at a glance, and determining to extract some amusement from so decided an original. "I need not mention my name, since you discovered that very early after my arrival; but allow me to assure you, that it gives me much pleasure to know and converse with one, who has acquired so enviable a celebrity through that most ably conducted paper, the Independent Banner."

"It would be affectation to deny," said Mr. Slim with a most gratified air, "that I am pretty extensively known; but really sir, I was not aware that my name had reached the great city from whence you came."

"Reached it, my dear sir!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon with a gesture of surprise; "why, sir, what paper is there in that little world, to compare with the Independent Banner?—or what editor there is held to wield a pen so powerful, so caustic, so withering as that of Mr. Virgil Slim? You annihilate, sir, when you attack. Dust, powder, and ashes, compared to what is left of a man, after you have done with him, are like solid rocks."

Mr. Slim opened his eyes, recrossed his legs, drew General Jackson from his hat and put him to his nose, and then screwing his lips, so as to express the ecstatic joy that swelled his heart, said in reply to Mr. Sheldon's last flattering remark, "I have always held the citizens of New-York to be the most intelligent and discerning people of the Union; and entertaining this opinion religiously, I leave you to judge how pleasing it is to me, to learn that they have formed so high an estimate of my character and abilities. I declare to you, Mr. Sheldon," he continued earnestly, and striking his open hand upon his heart by way of giving emphasis to his asseveration, "and I would be extremely obliged to you, if you would, on your return, repeat the declaration to your respectable fellow-citizens, (whom I feel that, from this hour, I shall love as though they were all my own brothers and sisters,) that they may rely upon my doing nothing to disappoint their just expectations of me, or to lower me one jot or tittle in their good opinion."

"You may be assured," said Sheldon, ready to burst with suppressed laughter, "that I will attend to your request most scrupulously; and in behalf of the citizens of New-York, I now state to you, that they have too much confidence in your character for integrity and talent, to believe for a single moment, that it is possible you should ever do anything to forfeit their esteem, or lower yourself in their estimation as a gentleman and man of genius. But draw up your chair, Mr. Slim, and let Molly give you a cup of tea."

"I am rejoiced to learn, sir, that they know me so well," said Virgil,

wiping his brow with the blue printed handkerchief, and seating himself at the table. I have long wished to make them a visit, and I do not know that I could select a more favorable period than the present Autumn."

"Oh do go," said Molly, earnestly, "and let me go too."

"Young woman," replied Virgil with a dignified air, while Molly, now conscious and ashamed of her momentary forwardness, retired to a corner of the room, "you scarcely know what you ask. It is quite impossible that we two should go together, seeing that I should be constantly occupied while there, with matters of the weightiest importance. Besides, our stations in society are too widely different to admit of what you desire."

"You are quite right, Mr. Slim," said Sheldon, handing the toast to his guest, "the time, as you imagine, is very propitious, considering that your reputation, though it is not so high as it is destined to be, is sufficiently great to ensure you a most enthusiastic reception."

"Do you really think so?" enquired Mr. Slim.

"I do indeed," replied Sheldon. "How could it be otherwise, my dear sir? Do you imagine that the discerning public of New-York could overlook the immense talent displayed in your editorial articles? Are not the people aware that politicians look upon your support or opposition as a sure promise of success, or of the most overwhelming defeat? and that the poor devils of authors, from Cooper and Irving, down to the vilest poetaster that daily nauseates the public with his hobbling verses, look upon you with feelings of dread, mingled with the profoundest veneration? Oh Mr. Slim, cast away your modesty I beseech you, and endeavor to appreciate correctly your high standing in the public estimation."

While Mr. Sheldon was delivering this speech, Molly was obliged to cover her face with a small waiter she held in her hand, nor did she dare to look upon Mr. Virgil Slim, lest his odd expression of countenance, should cause her to burst into a loud laugh, the inclination to which, she could with difficulty suppress.

"It is very true," said Virgil, "that my support is of some consequence to the rising politician, and that my opposition is not to be despised; but who could have supposed that, amid so much talent as there is in that great city, my humble paper should not only have made its way among its superiors, but placed me on a level with the ablest of their conductors."

"On a level did you say?" demanded Sheldon with affected surprise; "I do not wish to flatter, Mr. Slim, but I cannot permit you to rest under the belief that they have any pretensions to equality with you. Why sir, you will scarcely believe me, such is your modesty, when I assert that you are so high above them as to be entirely out of sight."

"There now," said Virgil, "you do me more than justice. I fear sir, that your regard for me, arising, perhaps, from your too high opinion of my poor abilities, has induced you to go a little farther than a strict adherence to truth will warrant."

At this moment the landlord entered, and informed the gratified simpton that a person at the door desired to see him. Mr. Slim arose, and requested to be excused for a short time, promising that his host should not be deprived of his company longer than a very few minutes. No sooner was he gone than Molly threw herself on a chair, and laughed till the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her father stood in perfect astonishment at this sudden and unlooked for outbreak, but seeing Mr. Sheldon join in the laugh, he immediately concluded that something funny had occurred in connexion with the odd figure that had just left them.

Soon after, Mr. Sheldon, who did not feel himself called upon to await the return of his new friend, took a candle and retired to his room for the night. "A fine specimen of the good people of Belleville," thought he; "and if many of them bear any resemblance to Mr. Virgil Slim, who has the honor to fill the editorial chair of the Belleville Independent Banner, I shall be at no loss for sport."

It may seem rather strange to the reader that Mr. Sheldon, with such feelings as he experienced when last in that chamber, should so soon have been disposed for merriment; but the truth is, his disposition was naturally jovial in the extreme, and his tendency to quizz, notwithstanding his troubles, would occasionally show itself in spite of them. A relapse, however, soon took place, and he was again as much depressed as before.

He had been in his chamber but a short time, when he heard a gentle tap at the door, and supposing it to be Mary with some of his luggage which had been left in the bar-room, he requested her to enter. The rap was repeated, and Sheldon rose, opened the door and saw before him Virgil Slim, bearing in his hand a huge bundle of papers.

"I could not leave you," said that worthy, "without furnishing you with a few numbers of the paper which you have done me the honor to extol so highly; and I hope they will afford you some amusement, not to say instruction, during your residence in our village."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Sheldon, soberly.

"And I must also solicit the honor of your taking a meal with me at my humble lodgings to-morrow."

"I accept your invitation with thanks." Whereupon Mr. Slim retired with a low bow, and left our hero once more alone.

### CHAPTER III.

On the following day, and for the next fortnight, Sheldon pursued the sport of hunting and fishing, but less, apparently, for their own sake, than because they attracted him to the solitude of the woods and fields, in which he whiled away the most of his time. His practice was to set off

in the morning with his rod or gun, carrying in his game-bag a sufficient quantity of food to last him through the day; and it was not uncommon for him, having found an attractive spot in the depths of the woods, to seat himself there, and remain till it was time to return. Occasionally, a book occupied his mind, but more frequently he was, during many hours, buried in deep thought. At other times he would climb the mountains, and wander a long distance through the woods in search of game, returning at nightfall with his bag well filled as the reward of his day's labor, but with weary limbs that usually sent him immediately to bed.

About two weeks after his arrival at Belleville, during one of these excursions, he sat himself down at the side of a beautiful mountain stream, running through a fine piece of woods. It was the noon of a sultry day, when he came to this attractive place, and being heated and somewhat fatigued, he laid down his gun, took off his game-bag, and threw himself upon a soft bed of dry leaves beneath an immense oak, where he soon fell asleep, his faithful pointer lying quietly at his feet. He had lain there nearly two hours, when a peal of distant thunder awoke him. Springing to his feet, he discovered, instead of the bright sunshine, a solemn gloom pervading the woods, like the shades of night; and looking at his watch, he found that it was yet early in the afternoon, and knew, therefore, that the darkness was occasioned by an approaching storm. An opening in the trees enabled him to see that the sky was obscured by heavy black clouds; a dead calm prevailed; flashes of lightning occasionally shot broad glares of light through the woods; and the rumbling of distant thunder was heard echoing peal after peal through the mountains.

Being some distance—a mile-and-a-half at least—from home, and there being no house within sight, Sheldon was, for a few moments, at a loss to decide whether he had better start immediately for the village, or remain where he was till the storm should have past. It was evident that he could advance but a little way before the rain would begin to descend, and to be caught in it on the road, would have been worse, perhaps, than to trust for shelter to the thick foliage under which he stood. Either alternative in such weather as threatened him, was a predicament not to be envied; but he thought less of it than might be supposed by those unacquainted with the exposures to which sportsmen are frequently subjected.

Before he decided which course to adopt, a fearful gust of wind, accompanied by a terrific peal of thunder, swept through the woods, scattering branches on every side, and filling the air with myriads of leaves. The tall and pliant tops of the trees bent low under its power, which now rapidly increased; while many of the larger limbs in exposed situations, broke off, and fell with a loud crash to the ground.

Sheldon now abandoned the thought of attempting to reach the village while the storm lasted, and his only course was to select a spot where he would be comparatively safe from the falling limbs, and at the same time be in some measure sheltered from the impending torrents. A short distance from him, he descried a place which seemed to promise these advantages in a greater degree than the one he occupied; and seizing his gun and other things, he made for it, with all possible haste, accompanied by his frightened dog. He had scarcely reached it, and placed himself in a small thicket beneath several of the largest oaks, whose giant arms seemed locked together, as though for the purpose of affording one another support and protection, when, amid the rustling of leaves, the creaking of limbs, and the breaking of boughs, he heard what he supposed to be a human voice uttered in a shrill cry.

Starting from beneath his canopy of leaves, and emerging into a small open spot or glade hard by, he cast his eyes towards the place whence the sound had issued, and thought he discovered, at a short distance from him, the flutter of a white dress in the midst of some bushes. His dog, attracted by the same object, ran towards it with that eagerness of look and manner so characteristic of the animal when in pursuit of any thing; and Sheldon followed him instantly, and in a very few seconds discovered that he had not mistaken the nature of the sound that had called him to the spot. A female form was fast locked between two saplings of considerable thickness, and one end of a large branch which had just been broken from the bow of the next tree, rested against the trunk above her head, while the other had fallen as near the ground as the neighboring bushes permitted. Her back was towards him; her body was thrown considerably from a perpendicular position; and the reclining of her head upon the right shoulder, gave him reason to fear that the accident had proved instantly fatal. As he approached her, he spoke, but received no reply, nor did the body move, or exhibit any signs of life.

Much shocked at the sight, Sheldon gained the opposite side of her as quick as possible, and when he saw her face, his worst apprehensions were strengthened with the conviction that she was quite dead. The color had entirely fled from her face and lips; her eyes were nearly closed; and her general aspect was such as to induce the full belief that she no longer lived.

He first tried to remove the broken bough, but his strength was not equal to the task. On examining her position more minutely, however, he found the bough was no serious impediment to her extrication, since it did not touch the body by several inches. He then attempted to lift her from betwixt the saplings, and in this, after several efforts, he was at length successful. His next care was, to place her in a comfortable position on the ground, and shortly after he had done so, he had the happiness to discover that she began to manifest some signs of life.—

Having reason to believe that she had only fainted or been stunned by the falling limb, he applied himself to the chafing of her hands and limbs as the only way that occurred to him of restoring the partially suspended circulation.

While thus engaged, such had been his previous agitation while he supposed her a corpse, and such the excitement under which he still labored, that he did not notice the exquisite beauty of the lady's face and form;—objects which, under other circumstances, could not have failed to excite his highest admiration. She was about eighteen years of age, of a slight and very symmetrical figure, with dark hair and eyes, and a face of the most enchanting description. Her hair was unloosed, and hung in disordered ringlets about her neck, and her little straw hat, which had fallen off, was suspended by ribbons, tied around her snow-white throat. Sheldon drew over her bosom a shawl which had been partially thrown off, and thus prevented his own gaze from taking an undue advantage of her situation.

In a few moments the young lady began to recover rapidly, and at last she opened her large black eyes, and exhibited the utmost astonishment at finding herself so situated, attended only by a young man, and he a perfect stranger. An exclamation of surprise escaped her, and she attempted to rise, but found herself unable. Her hand rose to the back of her head, where she evidently suffered great pain, that being the spot which had come in contact with the bough. "Where am I?" were the first words she uttered after recovering her senses, and before she remembered what had happened.

"You have been, I fear, badly hurt," said Sheldon; "but you are with one from whom you have nothing to fear. Hearing your cry at the moment of the accident, I ran to your assistance, and rescued you from your unpleasant situation."

"You are very kind," said she, after a short pause, during which the blood gradually returned to her cheek; then she looked about her as though she were endeavoring to recal her scattered senses, and to recollect what had happened:

The rain now began to fall, and our hero saw that a drenching was inevitable. The lady was evidently not in a condition to walk, and if she had been, to reach home in time to escape being thoroughly wetted, was plainly impossible. A terrific clap of thunder seemed to read the very heavens above them, and the young lady, starting with fright, unconsciously seized her protector by the arm, as she turned her eyes upward at the moment of the peal. She appeared now, for the first time, to be conscious of her situation, and expressed an earnest wish to go home. Sheldon offered to accompany her, if she would permit him, but advised that they should remain, and avail themselves of the imperfect shelter of the trees until the storm should abate. The rain increased, and the water coming down in torrents, seconded Sheldon's advice, and caused her to see that, to stir from thence, while it continued to pour in that manner, was utterly impracticable. The lightning flashed vividly and incessantly, and the thunder echoed from mountain to mountain, and for a considerable time maintained a ceaseless and fearful roar.

For a few minutes they were but little incommoded by the rain, but at length it found its way through the mass of leaves above, and began to pour down upon them in streams. Sheldon took off his shooting jacket, and having wrapped it around his companion, and placed on her head his water-proof cap, put her in a condition to defy the elements for a considerable time at least. His own chance of remaining dry was certainly a very slim one, and he was soon wetted to the skin, his clothes adhering closely to his form, and his long hair hanging in straight lines from his head, and dripping with water. Altogether, his plight was a most unenviable one, considering that the witness of it was a beautiful young lady, before whom he would naturally have wished to appear to the greatest possible advantage. The lady, on her part, felt ashamed of the situation in which accident had placed her. To be caught in such a predicament, so far from home in the midst of as hard a shower as ever fell out of the heavens, and to be found thus alone in the presence of a young gentleman—an entire stranger—and almost her only protection from the storm being his coat and hat, were well calculated, to say the least, to make her feel extremely disagreeable. However, after a little time, both became in some degree reconciled to their ludicrous plight; and, since it could not be remedied, they thought it wiser to laugh over their common misfortune, than to permit it to trouble them.

While they were waiting for the storm to abate, the lady informed Mr. Sheldon that she resided in the village of Belleville; that she had been on a visit to a friend residing about a mile from home; and that, as she was returning on foot as she very frequently did, she took it into her head to go through a piece of wood—the property of her father—in search of a certain rare plant of which she desired to procure a specimen, and which, she had understood, might there be found. Never having been there before, she lost her way very soon after entering the woods, and had wandered about for an hour among the briers and bushes, until the storm came on. She recollected having sought shelter under a large oak tree, but she had felt no fear, not doubting that she would be able to find her way out. This was all she remembered, till she found herself by the side of Mr. Sheldon.

In less than three quarters of an hour, it had almost ceased to rain: the wind had lulled, the clouds began to break away, and a ray of light piercing the woods near where they sat, betokened a clear and serene afternoon. The young lady now expressed a wish to return home, and after she had restored the hat and coat to their owner, they took the



nearest direction to the road, which was about the distance of a quarter of a mile. Their path lay, however across the stream to which we have before alluded, and they now found it so much swollen, as to render the fording of it a matter of no little difficulty. The water ran in torrents and with great rapidity, and Sheldon saw that even he would find it no easy task to cross it; but how his fair companion was to get over, unless he should carry her, he could not imagine. There was no bridge within half a mile of them, and to reach it would be a difficult matter in consequence of the thick growth of underwood mingled with briars that covered a large portion of the woods.

At first, the lady proposed to make the attempt to cross, hazardous as it appeared, but abandoned the idea on being assured by Sheldon that the effort would be attended with no little danger. No way seemed so eligible, therefore, as to trust herself to the gentleman's arms. He promised to set her on the other side, with no greater inconvenience than what a pair of wetted feet might cost her; and after a little hesitation, she consented that the trial should be made, simply stipulating that he should return with her, if, on getting into the stream, he should find it impossible to cross in safety with so considerable a load.

Our hero, although he fully appreciated the difficulties of the undertaking, felt pretty confident of success. Having thrown over such articles as might embarrass his movements, leaving his gun behind him, he raised the lady with his right arm, while her left rested upon his shoulder, and using his other hand to steady her in her seat, he stepped cautiously among the large stones that cumbered the margin of the stream, and then ventured into the foaming torrent. His footing, in consequence of the loose stones, was insecure, and made it necessary to step with great care.

Sheldon reached the middle of the stream, where it was nearly breast deep, without meeting with any accident; but suddenly he put his foot into a hole, lost his balance, and fell backwards so far as to disappear entirely himself, and submerge all his fair companion, excepting her head. The lady, startled by this mishap, uttered a scream, and clung to his neck with so much energy as to embarrass him seriously; and for a few seconds, it seemed doubtful whether, with her arms so tight about him, it would be possible to rise. Slow as he would have been at any other time to disengage her fair arms, it was rather too serious a matter to have both their lives endangered by that embrace; and he, therefore, with a gentle force, removed one of them, thus affording himself the requisite relief, and then, with a great effort, succeeded in regaining an upright position. All this occurred in half the time it has taken to narrate it.

Sheldon was now in the greatest depth and power of the water and it was only by exerting all the strength he possessed, that he was enabled to resist the force of the stream. The lady's courage, when she perceived their danger, completely failed her, and she begged him to return with her to the margin they had just quitted. He assured her that, to go on, was as easy as to return, and bid her not fear, as the difficulty was almost overcome.

At length, after the greatest exertion of physical strength that he had ever been called upon to put forth, he had the pleasure of landing the beautiful stranger upon the opposite bank. To say that she thanked him in words for what he had done, would be to state what is not true; for such were her feelings at the moment, that she totally forgot that common politeness required her to make some acknowledgement for the favours she had just received. She stood silent, but Sheldon read in her eyes all that he could have desired to hear uttered by her lips, and he was satisfied.

It now remained for him to return for his gun, and having obtained it, they took the most direct route to the village, both thoroughly drenched. Before they reached it, however, they met the lady's father in a vehicle driving rapidly in search of his missing daughter. She had gone from home without saying whither she was going, and the family, aware that she was in the practice of taking long walks, had become alarmed on her account, apprehending that she might be exposed to the storm.

The gentleman was not a little surprised at the condition they were in, and at the circumstance of her being attended by a stranger: but the facts soon were explained, and Sheldon was warmly thanked by the father for the service he had been so fortunate as to render the daughter. He was of course invited to take a seat in the vehicle, and was about to accept it, when he discovered that his dog was not with him. This made it necessary to return immediately. Having promised to call upon Sheldon at his lodgings the same evening, the gentleman turned and drove towards the village.

Our hero may have been mistaken, but he certainly fancied that the young lady looked as though she separated from him reluctantly, and, consequently, that she would be glad to meet him again. True or not, however, the belief that she regarded him with favor, was the source of no little pleasure to him; and for some hours, thereafter, her beautiful image was not, for a single moment, absent from his mind.

When he had recovered his dog, which he found a mile back, Sheldon made the best of his way to the inn.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Sheldon had not learned the name of his new and charming friend, and the first thing he did, on returning to the hotel, was, to describe her to the landlord, and inquire who she was. Hard had no difficulty in deciding from the description, that it could be no other than

Belinda Ashton—the lady whom we saw at the window with the Venetian blinds.

In the evening Mr. Ashton called and repeated his thanks, having in the mean time, learned all the particulars of his daughter's adventure, and of the difficulties encountered by Mr. Sheldon, in conveying her over the stream. He remained several hours, and evidently enjoyed the society of his new acquaintance. Indeed they were mutually pleased, our hero not less than his visiter—the latter showing himself to be a man of great intelligence, and of elegant manners. At parting, Mr. Ashton begged the favor of an early visit, which the other promised, with the intention of redeeming his promise at the earliest possible moment.

Up to this time, Sheldon had frequently seen Virgil Slim, and once dined with him at his lodgings. He was then introduced to Miss Slim, sister of Virgil, and his housekeeper, and a very notable young woman, so far as it regarded personal appearance. She was perhaps eighteen years of age, more or less; and, excepting in manners, was the very antipodes of her talented brother, who occupied the editorial chair of the *Belleville Independent Banner*. No person on seeing them together, would have thought there was any relationship between them, much less that they were offspring of the same parents. That such was the case, however, there can, we suppose, be no reasonable doubt, since the fact was generally admitted, or rather, never questioned.

Miss Leonora Slim was a sentimental young lady, and was the authoress of much of what was intended and passed for poetry. She wrote under the signature of Sappho, supplied most of the original matter contained in the poet's corner of the *Banner*, and was a great admirer of Lord Byron, over whose pages she daily sighed away several hours. She had confessed herself unhappy, and had more than once tried whether it was true, that better poetry could be written under the influence of gin, than when she was perfectly sober. Several of her best productions, namely, those entitled "Change," "To a Rose," "The Moon," "Stanzas to Him who can Understand Them," and some others, were confessedly written at midnight, immediately after a potation of the best gin that the village afforded; but I would not have the reader suppose from what I have said, that she was in the practice of resorting to this species of inspiration, or that she imbibed this unlady-like sort of beverage for its own sake. Nothing was better known than that Leonora was entirely free from all disgusting habits. What she did with strong waters, was done by way of experiment, and in imitation of the noble bard before mentioned.

If Miss Slim had been of the masculine gender, she would doubtless have worn her shirt-collar turned down, pulled out her hair on each side of her forehead, (as has been done by some of our poetasters whose heads, some phrenologist has told them, bear an accidental resemblance to that of Byron,) and allowed a bunch of it to grow down in the centre, like that which may be seen in any portrait of the author of *Childe Harold*. She had more than once desired her brother to get her a cub-bear; but Virgil put a stopper on this notion, being averse to companionship with such "varmint."

Leonora regarded a close observance of Byron's practices, as an evidence of genius, and held it to be impossible that a person can lack eccentricity, and at the same time, acquire an enviable fame by writing verse. She grieved that fortune had not cast her lot upon the margin of a lake, that she might have enjoyed the pleasure of sailing—a diversion of which she avowed herself particularly fond. This, it will be remembered, was a capital amusement of Byron, and it admits of a question, whether his fondness for it was not the cause of her ambition to be the owner and manager of a beautiful yacht, that, like him, she might float upon the waters at midnight, or listen to the echoing of the thunder from mountain to mountain, as described in *Childe Harold*.

Sheldon had several conversations with Miss Slim, in which she avowed her unhappiness, pent up as she was in an obscure village, containing none excepting her brother and the Ashton family who could appreciate her talent, or sympathise in her elegant pursuits. She longed to visit the land of song, to spend the remainder of her days in that sunny clime, and breathe forth her very soul in such verse as would carry her name to posterity. But alas! she wanted the means; vulgar and unpoetic dollars there were none, to back her lofty aspirations; and she considered it peculiarly unfortunate that the impulses of a noble and lofty spirit, should be repressed by a lack of the vulgar metal which the world calls gold. Her only consolation was, that it had been the fate of genius from the time of Homer, to encounter all those difficulties which can be effectually combated by money alone.

On one occasion she hinted something about her want of a protector, and at the same time, looked at Sheldon with an expression full of meaning; but the gentleman either did not, or would not, understand it, and let it pass without such a reply as she could have wished to hear. At another time, she handed him a copy of verses, produced, as she alleged, on the preceding night, between the hours of one and two, during a heavy storm of that thunder and lightning which she and Byron so much admired and loved. The following is a copy of the first two stanzas, and may be regarded as indubitable evidence of our hero's being just the man with whom she would have been more than willing to have gone, some fine morning, to the village church:—

#### I.

There's matchless beauty in the dark blue sea,  
In flower-enameled fields, and radiant skies;—  
In all things there is beauty, but to me,

Naught seems so lovely as thy soul-lit eyes:  
No shape of earth there is in beauty dressed,  
Like that which nature on thy form impressed.

## II.

There is music in the winds and rustling leaves,  
Deep melody in groves where birds rejoice;—  
The fields, the forests, and the rolling seas  
Give music, but more musical thy voice:  
My raptured ears, no sounds more dulcet meet;  
The harp of Æolus breathes naught so sweet.

These verses and their fellows appeared next day in the Independent Banner, and particular attention was called to them by the editor, who considered them as breathing the spirit of true poetry. Whether his readers acquiesced in that opinion, we are not able to say. Although very critical, he overlooked the fact that *leaves* and *seas* do not rhyme; but perhaps he thought it would not answer to be too nice so near home.

Mr. Sheldon now said that, if he did not get a wife, he had no one to blame but himself. Leonora seemed determined to appropriate him to herself, and it was amusing to see what invention she displayed in creating opportunities to meet him. Now she induced her brother to invite him to tea; now she planned a little excursion to a pleasant spot a mile or two distant, after the manner of a picnic, inviting a few of her female friends, from whose attractions she had little or nothing to fear. Again it was a ride or a walk by moonlight, or a visit to some Indian mounds in that vicinity. In some of her efforts, she was successful, but a majority of her plans, owing to the reluctance of Sheldon to visit, were failures, and the occasion of much chagrin.

The day following the incidents described in the last chapter, our hero visited Belinda, and had the pleasure to find her alone. An hour passed very pleasantly before the father came in, and then another succeeded scarcely less delightful than the first. At the solicitation of Belinda's father, he consented to spend the evening with them; and soon after they had risen from the tea-table, who should enter the room, but our respectable friend, Virgil Slim. He was dressed with some little regard to his personal appearance, though in the worst possible taste; his pantaloons being too short for him by at least eight inches, and his coat as far from a fit, as though it had been made for one a third larger than its owner. It is not improbable, by the way, that the garment had been constructed for another man's back. A white neck-cloth, and a clean pocket-handkerchief of the same stamp as the one before spoken of, were indications of Mr. Slim's attention to his toilet; and altogether he looked new and Sunday-like, and felt stiff and uneasy, as though his best suit sat uncomfortably tight.

Mr. Slim exhibited some surprise on seeing Sheldon. Till that moment, he did not know that an acquaintance had been formed between him and Belinda, the events of the preceding day not having reached those long appendages of his, which nature intended for ears. At first he entered into conversation with considerable spirit, and as he had a most exalted idea of his powers of speech, he determined to make a favorable impression upon his auditors, and, if possible, to outshine his fellow visitor. He was not slow in perceiving, however, that he was not listened to with so much interest as he could have wished; nor did fail to discover that Belinda's attention was more frequently attracted by Sheldon, and that she seemed to manifest more pleasure in hearing the latter's remarks, than was quite agreeable to one so fond of monopolizing the public ear as Mr. Virgil Slim. It must not be understood, however, that Belinda treated our printer discourteously, or with any thing approximating to coldness. Her great good nature and politeness were such as to forbid the supposition.

The consequence of this discovery was, that Mr. Slim, in a short time, became silent and sober. He sat watching the young lady and her new acquaintance with no little anxiety, apprehending, no doubt, some interference with his own views towards the hand of Miss Ashton, which he had, for some time past, been strenuously endeavoring to obtain. He had not yet, however, made a proposal in form, for his encouragement had not been such as to warrant his venturing upon so bold a step; but he believed that he was making good progress in the lady's affections, and that the day was not far distant, when his proposal would meet with entire success. Having no rival up to this time, he had met with nothing to occasion alarm, or even to give him any uneasiness, excepting that his attentions had not been so cordially received as he could have wished. Now, however, that there was another Richmond in the field, he clearly foresaw a new state of things, and became aware of the necessity of increasing his exertions, and of speedily coming to an understanding with Miss Ashton. He secretly resolved, therefore, that another twenty-four hours should not elapse, before he would open the subject to her, and if possible, secure her for himself, before his rival should have an opportunity of putting in a claim.

That evening Mr. Slim returned first from the house of Miss Ashton, and when our hero withdrew, he was met by the former in the road, where Mr. Slim had patiently waited for the purpose of pumping his rival as to what his intentions might be in reference to Belinda, Sheldon saw his purpose, and so framed his replies as to offer no satisfactory information, and left him in a state of uncertainty, but with his fears considerably increased.

Mr. Slim went home in a very unenviable state of mind, and communicated to his sister what he had seen and heard during the evening; and having thus imparted such knowledge as was calculated to prevent

her from sleeping a wink that night, he retired to bed. Virgil was agitated in no small degree when he reached his little seven-by-nine chamber, and found himself in a profuse perspiration. Leonora was so angry at what she considered the perfidy of Mr. Sheldon, that she hammered over fifteen stanzas on the inconstancy of man, and inserted them in the next day's Banner.

It may be thought that this lady should have been so silly as to have supposed that Sheldon's visits were addressed to her with the intention of proposing for her hand; seeing that he seldom went to her house, except on express invitation, or pursuant to some arrangement which she herself had made. But what will not a love-sick and sentimental young female imagine?—If Mr. Sheldon looked at her, or if he picked up her handkerchief, and handed it to her with a slight bow and a smile, she regarded these acts as proof of his attachment to her. Or, if he made a complimentary remark, pressed her hand unconsciously in assisting her into a vehicle; if he said any thing which, in her opinion, was not absolutely necessary to have been said, and which, but for the high opinion he held of her, would in all probability, have been left unsaid, she interpreted it into positive evidence that love had taken full possession of his bosom. What did it matter that the gentleman, all this time, was not an admirer of the sentimental lass, and that the thought of doing any thing that could by any possibility, be constructed into a particular and unmistakeable attention, had never entered his mind?

Mr. Sheldon had thus been the innocent means of rendering two beings unhappy. Miss Slim had made him a lover without his consent, and she was now disappointed in her high and pleasing expectations, by his visiting the beautiful Belinda. Virgil, who had looked upon Miss Ashton as his future wife, now erected him into a formidable rival, who was about to contend for that inestimable prize, her heart and hand. All this, too, while our hero had not even thought of addressing Belinda Ashton.

In the morning, Virgil and his sister met at the breakfast table. All four of their eyes looked as though they had not been closed during the night, and such was indeed the case with two of them at least—those in the head of our friend of the masculine gender. The truth is, and it may not be amiss to place the important fact on record, Miss Slim had had a nap; for she fell asleep towards morning, with Byron in her hand, and at the moment that she was about to commence the third canto of *Childe Harold*.

"Virgil," began Leonora as they drew chairs to the table, "the conduct of Mr. Sheldon is very strange."

"Yes, Leonora, you are right; it is strange. He *must* have heard that I am on the eve of an engagement with Belinda—"

Now Miss Slim cared little about this matter so affecting her brother's views, and reprobated the conduct of our hero, simply because it was likely to end in serious disappointment to herself.

"Certainly," replied she; "what right had he to transfer his affections to Miss Ashton, after pledging them to me?" Here she began to sob, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Did he do so?" demanded the surprised brother, laying down his knife and fork, and suspending, for a moment, the process of mastication.

"To be sure he did," answered the fibbing sister.

"Then by Jove he shall marry you," said Virgil, striking the handle of his knife upon the table, and causing every thing on it to spring up three inches; "or I'll—I'll!"

"No don't, don't," exclaimed Leonora; "for my sake, don't."

"Don't what?" demanded Virgil.

"Don't fight him," replied Leonora.

"Fight him! O by Jove no!—I'll do worse than that—I'll publish him!"

"But that's not a romantic way of settling the matter," said Leonora, wiping her eyes. "Who the devil cares for that?" asked the angry Virgil. "I'll put him in the Independent Banner, and if that don't operate as a caution to the rest of his tribe, then my name's not Slim."

Virgil's wrath was now excited, and he resolved to avenge the double affront of poaching upon his grounds, and trifling with the affections of his sister. It so happened that he did not meet Mr. Sheldon that day; otherwise it is by no means impossible that the death of our hero might have compelled us to bring this story to a very speedy conclusion. Fortunately for all parties, (excepting, perhaps, our readers,) the day brought nothing so serious in its train; and by sun-set, the excitement under which Mr. Slim labored in the morning, had considerably abated, and left him in a fair condition to renew his courtship, and to learn his fate, so far as it was destined to be controlled by Belinda Ashton.

In the evening, he went to the house of his innamorata, and sought an interview with her *tete a tete*, resolved to learn from her own lips before he slept, whether his suit was destined to meet her approval. Luckily, Belinda was in the garden, and a more favorable opportunity for advocating his cause, could not have been desired. The young lady was, as usual, in good spirits, and received Mr. Slim with so much apparent cordiality, that he could not but augur favorably for the result of that delicate business which he had come to transact. After a few general remarks upon the plants on which Belinda had bestowed much care, the amorous gentleman began to prepare an introduction to the subject which had recently occupied so much of his attention; and once or twice he was upon the point of making a dash in *medias res*, when his courage failed him, and he suffered the conversation to take another direction. At length, however, he took the so much dreaded step, and popped the question.



It would have been a subject for a painter at that moment, to see Virgil and Belinda standing within three feet of each other; one expressing in her countenance, the greatest surprise, and the other looking as though life itself depended on her decision. Apparently, she could never have suspected Mr. Slim's object in visiting her; for the astonishment she manifested was so unaffected and natural, that it is scarcely possible that she could have dreamt he loved her. The gentleman, during this interval of embarrassing silence, stood with his hat off, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with the blue-printed handkerchief, looking the most unspeakable things at Belinda, and trembling from the excessive agitation which his peculiar and novel situation occasioned. His dimensions were smaller, if possible, than usual: his ample coat hung upon his shoulders as it would have done upon a pole; and his "continuations," once brown, but now faded into a color approaching a dirty drab, did not reach his feet by some six inches and more. He was, in truth, an odd looking subject, and certainly made an unique appearance as a lover.

Belinda, after the first moment of surprise, gave a negative response to his proposal, but couched it in language so kind as to render the poignancy of his disappointment less than it would otherwise have been. Her very answer, though so different from what he had hoped and expected, caused him to love her ten times more than ever; while the thought that such a being whom he had so fondly hoped to secure as a wife, was destined, if she married, to be another's bride, gave him unspeakable pain. Never, perhaps, did a poor lover suffer more on receiving his quietus, than did our luckless friend Virgil.

A pause of some moments succeeded, during which Mr. Slim considered whether he had better give up the undertaking as a hopeless job, or renew his persuasion, while at the same time he described several figures with his foot upon the gravel walk. At length he decided not to be satisfied with one repulse, because it was possible that Belinda would yield to repeated solicitations, what she peremptorily refused on the first proposal; and this being the case, he considered it due to himself to try the experiment at least, however unpromising the prospect appeared. He then endeavored to make her comprehend precisely how warmly he was attached to her; how long and how confidently he had regarded her as his future wife; how ineffably sweet had been his anticipations of the felicity he should experience after their union; and, finally, how much it would be to their advantage, in a mere worldly point of view, that they should take each other as man and wife. All this was eloquently pleaded, but it made very little or no impression. Belinda not only persisted in her refusal to consider his proposal, but did it in so decisive, yet courteous a manner, that no hope was left him of future success.

Virgil now began to lose his temper, and charged her with fickleness.

"Now, you grow angry, Mr. Slim," said Belinda sweetly. "I am not conscious of having by word or deed, given you grounds to believe that I would return an affirmative answer to such a proposal as you just made; and I must, therefore, consider myself as not liable to the charge of fickleness."

"You certainly have always received me very cordially, and must have understood the meaning of my frequent visits."

"I receive every visiter cordially, or endeavor to do so," said Belinda; "but upon my word, I never thought your visits were directed to any particular end. I am sorry, very sorry, that I am compelled to disappoint you."

This was said in so soothing a tone, and really expressed so much sorrow for the pain she was inflicting, that Mr. Slim's anger was appeased, but not to such a degree as to prevent his observing that her new acquaintance had given her inclinations another direction.

"There you are mistaken," answered the lady, with spirit; "but it is better that this interview should now terminate, and with your permission, I will go into the house."

Both now left the garden, and soon after, Mr. Slim bade her good night and went home. He was angry with himself, with his sister, and with the whole world, but particularly with Sheldon, to whom he wished all manner of evil. After scolding Leonora soundly, and sending her to bed in tears, he retired to his own room, and wrote a savage article for the Banner, in which, without mentioning a name, he bore very hard upon the character of his innocent rival.

#### CHAPTER V.

The consequences of Virgil's anger seemed to menace the peace and quiet of his new, but now discarded, friend Mr. Sheldon. The article in the Banner was so pointed in its allusions, that it was readily understood by the whole village who was meant; and the insinuations which it contained relative to a certain "unknown adventurer," to use Mr. Slim's language, were of a character well calculated to annoy our hero, though he despised their author too much to reply to, or resent them. On his own account, he cared nothing about this ebullition of passion, but he was not without fear that it would prejudice him in the minds of others. He soon found that his apprehensions were not groundless; for some of the villagers, a lawyer or two, and the storekeeper, jealous, perhaps, of the attentions that had been bestowed upon him by the Ashtons, and particularly by Belinda whom they all admired, (if not loved) began to inquire among themselves, who Mr. Sheldon was, and what his object could be in sojourning so long amongst them.

"He has money," said one, "but was it honestly come by?"

"He must have friends somewhere," observed another; "and why does he reside among entire strangers?"

"There is certainly something very singular in all this," remarked a third, "and the Ashtons are foolish to receive him as they do, while nothing is known of him."

Mr. Bolus said that he would write to his friend Dr. Squills of New York, and ascertain who and what he was; and Mr. Sharp, the best attorney in Belleville, and an ardent admirer of Miss Ashton, promised to write to Boston and Philadelphia, and endeavor to learn whether their common enemy were not some imposter, or a fugitive from justice. One and all, actuated by similar motives, avowed their intention to sound his pretensions to the bottom.

It was not long before Sheldon and Slim encountered each other in the bar-room of the inn, when the former as usual, notwithstanding the offensive article in the Banner, advanced towards the other, and commenced a conversation. The reply he received was of a hostile character. The cause of this striking change in his editorial friend he could not divine; but it was not the intention of Virgil to leave him long in ignorance. It happened that no other person was in the room at the time, and a fair opportunity was thus presented for an effectual eclaireissement, or an open quarrel.

Mr. Slim commenced his catalogue of grievances by charging our hero with having won the affections of Leonora, and then basely deserted her for another. Of course a denial was made, but in such terms as were calculated to conciliate the eccentric being who had brought the accusation; for Sheldon, who was not conscious of having done any thing that could be tortured into grounds for such a charge, supposed him to be laboring under some strange hallucination. Mr. Slim was not, however, to be appeased by kind words, and growing more angry every moment, he made use of still more offensive language, and at length became positively abusive.

All this, Mr. Sheldon, who kept his temper, bore like a philosopher; though it must be confessed that he was more than once tempted to tweak the other's nose, by way of teaching him better manners.

At last came charge number two and the principal one; or that, at any rate, which had the chief agency in causing this ridiculous outbreak. We refer to the supposed wooing of Miss Ashton on the part of Sheldon, by which act Virgil Slim was unjustifiably and wrongfully, as he alleged, deprived of that lady's affections, and all the numberless pleasures, benefits, and advantages that would have resulted therefrom.

Mr. Sheldon had now ceased to be surprised at any thing that came from Mr. Slim; for the latter's conduct and language, during the preceding hour, had been so outrageous, that the former could not but believe that the editor had suddenly become a lunatic. Yet this supposition was of short duration: there was too much method in his proceedings, to warrant the belief that he was mad.

"Then you refuse," said Virgil, "to make good your promise to my sister."

"I made no promises," replied the other, "nor do I believe that Miss Slim could have seen any thing in my conduct, to justify the supposition that my object in making the few visits I did, was such as you impute to me."

"It matters not to me what you believe," said Mr. Slim, "it is sufficient that she had your promise of marriage."

"Again I deny that I made such a promise."

"Then you are a scoundrel, sir, and I will make you suffer for your conduct."

"And you are too great a fool," said Mr. Sheldon, now for the first time angry, and, of course, off his guard, "to warrant my inflicting upon you such a castigation as you would deserve and receive, were you possessed of any thing approximating to common sense."

Virgil stood for a moment the very personification of anger, and failing to give utterance to some words in reply to the last observation, withdrew and bent his rapid steps towards his office. There he bustled about, throwing a chair one way, and his hat another, and thus let off a surplus of passion with which he was highly charged. When he had cooled down sufficiently to admit of his reflecting upon what had passed, he had little reason to be perfectly satisfied with the part he had played. His consciousness of having acted foolishly, seemed to increase his hostility to Sheldon, whose calmness and gentlemanlike bearing, Mr. Slim could not but feel, had formed a striking contrast with his own boisterous and outrageous conduct. He spent the remainder of the day in conversation with many of his neighbours, and was not unsuccessful in exciting much sympathy in his favor, and a general feeling of animosity towards the unfortunate sojourner at the inn.

Our hero was not long in discovering how matters had turned against him. The very few with whom he had formed a slight acquaintance, refused to speak to him, and he now perceived that he was the object of general suspicion and dislike. All this, he was aware, arose from the influence of his bitter enemy Virgil Slim, who was held by a majority of the simple villagers, to be a man of vast importance. Mr. Hurd remained the friend of his guest, and laughed at the warlike combinations against him. The Ashtons, it is scarcely necessary to add, were above such feelings as actuated his enemies, and continued to receive his visits with the greatest cordiality.

About a week after his rupture with Virgil Slim, Sheldon determined to absent himself for a few days, hoping that, when he returned, he would find the villagers restored to their senses. There was not a man among them for whom he cared a straw; yet he found it disagreeable to remain.

among a people who took no pains to conceal their dislike. He would have left the village forever, had it not been for one, whom he admired above all other females he had ever seen or known; and although he had never admitted to himself the possibility of his becoming attached to her, still the charms of her society bound him to the place, and did not permit him to think of leaving it, with no intention of returning.

One bright morning, he ordered his horse and vehicle to be got ready and brought to the door. His gun and dog he determined to carry with him, but every thing else, excepting a few clothes, was to be left behind. An article or two that had been committed to the care of Molly, were needed, but Molly herself at the moment, was nowhere to be found. "Go to Jane Sackett's," said Hurd to his boy, "and if you don't find her there, run to Sally Barker's: you'll be sure to find her at one place or the other. Drat the girl," continued the good natured father to Sheldon, "when I want her, she's never at home."

The boy returned without having found Molly. "Never mind," said Sheldon, "I can do very well without the articles," and then jumping into the wagon, drove off with several malignant eyes resting upon him, till a turn in the road carried him out of sight.

As it is not important that we should follow our hero in this journey, we shall abandon him for a while, and record what passed at the inn immediately after his departure. No sooner had he disappeared, than several of the villagers came in, among whom Virgil Slim, Mr. Sharp, and Doctor Bolus were most conspicuous, and had most to say.

"Where has the vagabond gone?" inquired Mr. Slim.

"I don't know," replied Hurd gruffly.

"Did he pay his bill?" asked Mr. Sharp.

"No," answered the landlord.

"Hurd," inquired the lawyer, "how long is it since you changed your system of doing business?"

"I don't understand what you mean," answered Hurd.

"I mean to ask," said the conceited attorney, "how long it is since you commenced accommodating your boarders gratis, with food and lodging?"

"I commenced it, and left it off," replied the landlord, drily, "when you came to my house to lodge, and went away without paying your bill."

This response, so unexpected to the pert attorney, turned the laugh against him, and for a few moments, the room rang with hearty shouts. He was actually seen to blush, a thing till then unknown in that country, among men of his class. The rarity of the fact, justifies us in recording it, though we are fearful that some, among our numerous readers, will refuse it credence.

"That observation," observed Mr. Sharp, taking out a pocket book that gave, in its outward aspect, little reason to expect much of its contents, "implies a suspicion, on your part, that I am either unable or unwilling to pay your dues. Luckily for you, I am both able and willing to discharge my bill, and I am here this morning expressly for that purpose. (A fib.) There is your money with my thanks for waiting: all I hope is, that you have nothing more to fear from Sheldon, than you had from me."

Hurd considered himself a fortunate man that the attorney had thus been accidentally shamed into the payment of his bill; for he had long since ceased even to dun Mr. Sharp, it being well nigh as hopeless to expect blood from a stone, as to get a sight of that individual's money.

"There is little to fear from him," said the landlord, quietly pocketing his money with much inward satisfaction, while the chagrined lawyer eyed the bank bills askant, with a strong feeling of regret that they and he should have so unexpectedly parted company.

"I'll wager a new suit," said Sharp, now displaying his vexation at the bad job he had made in coming to the inn, "that you never see the color of his money."

"Done!" said the landlord, drawing forth a handful of bills; "stake the cost of the suit."

"It isn't convenient for me to do so, just at present," replied the attorney, "but these gentlemen are witnesses of the bet, and you may rely upon my honor."

"I won't bet," said Hurd, "without putting up the money. When I lose, I pay; when I win, other people never pay me. Down with your dust and I'm your man."

"Can't do it," said Sharp; "for I haven't a cent by me, so help me heaven!"

"Then it's no go," said Hurd.

"Well, come," observed Mr. Slim, "I'll wager all the numbers of the Banner for the next year, against the price of a year's subscription, that the blackguard Sheldon will never pay you the tithe of what he owes for board."

"The odds are too great," said the landlord, with a comical expression of countenance.

"What do you mean by odds?" inquired the astonished Virgil. "It's an even bet; five dollars against the papers."

"Two squashes against your head would be nigher even," said Hurd. "I wouldn't upon my honor, give five dollars to be supplied for a lifetime."

Here the lawyer joined the others in a hearty laugh, glad to be revenged on Mr. Slim for having participated in the merriment which the landlord's first sarcasm had excited.

"Let me tell you," rejoined Virgil, not a little nettled by Hurd's observation, and the consequent laughter, "that you are not qualified to

appreciate literary excellence. I would have you to know that in New York, the Independent Banner—but what's the use in vindicating my paper against the aspersions of an unlettered man?"

"Unlettered man!" said Hurd in his quiet way, but not at all disturbed by the other's remark; "I am unlettered, that's a fact; but I would rather, any day, be an honest inn-keeper, than a half starved and consated editor. That's neither here nor there, though; gentlemen, don't let us get angry. You are all mistaken about Mr. Sheldon. Depend upon it, he's an honest man, and, barring accidents, will be here again in less than ten days."

"I hope he may," said the lawyer, with a smile of incredulity.

"Amen!" drawled the Doctor.

Mr. Slim now left the tavern, and with both hands thrust into the pockets of his continuations, walked despondingly towards his gloomy office. Pen, ink and paper had no longer any charms for him, and the sight of his devils and types, made him sick at his stomach. He began to have serious apprehensions, at times, that his cause was a hopeless one. He ceased to visit Belinda, and evinced in his appearance and movements, that he was a very unhappy man. His occupation was gone, or so much of it, at least, as sufficed to destroy his peace; and he was heard to say, in a moment of extreme depression, that he had a mind to hang himself, or jump head foremost from a high window. If it be true that such an act was seriously contemplated, he must have soon changed his mind; for Mr. Slim, when we last heard from him, was alive and well.

#### CHAPTER VI.

In cities, every few days bring forth something to excite and surprise. Now it is some question in politics, broached by the dominant party, which the opposition declares will work the speedy and irretrievable ruin of the country; now it is some great and destructive fire, or a popular disturbance of an aggravated character, which the quiet and moral citizen avers to be a national disgrace; and now, perhaps we have strong symptoms of a foreign war, which elate those who have nothing to lose, and alarm beyond measure, those who have property at stake. There is always something to fill the newspapers, and keep us talking.

Such, to some extent, is the case, even in remote villages, where they have their exciting events which supply matter for bar-room conversation, and topics for tea-table talk. If it is not one thing, as the old woman said, it is another; and whatever it happen to be, whether a maiden elope with her lover, or a horse break his leg, all take an interest in the affair, and all make it the subject of comment till it becomes quite threadbare.

No occurrence of recent date, had been so often and so thoroughly discussed in Belleville, as the arrival and departure of Sheldon; but especially his visits to, and supposed engagement with, Belinda Ashton. The envious lasses, who had secretly admired that gentleman, rejoiced when he left the place; assured, as they were, by their fathers and brothers, that Belleville had become too hot to hold him, and that he had decamped without paying his bills. Many expressed their astonishment that so handsome and gentlemanlike a person could act in so dishonorable a manner; while others, far more sagacious than the rest, and to whose vision, mill-stones were no impediment, were utterly surprised that his character had not sooner been more clearly understood. They had predicted all this or something like it, many days before; but people would not listen to them; no, no, certainly not. All they hoped was, that Belinda, (whose ears any one of them could have bitten off with a right good will), had sustained no injury from so unprincipled a man; and if they were not mistaken, she would be careful, in future, how she refused the addresses of an honest man like Mr. Slim, and took into favor such a scapegrace as Sheldon. It is impossible to rehearse all that was said against our poor hero. His character was torn to tatters; and in a few days, scarcely, enough of it was left to be the subject of slander.

But if what we have related of him was sufficient to bring this nest of hornets about his ears, what will our readers suppose must have been the excitement, when it was discovered that he had actually eloped with Molly Hurd? "Now," said the wise ones before alluded to, "what will the Ashtons think? Perhaps they won't admit even now, that we were right when we called him a scoundrel." (The Ashtons, be it known, had mentioned his name to no living soul.) "How abominably strange it was, that some people could be so blind," said a loquacious maid on the shady side of thirty, "when all was as plain to her, as the nose on a man's face!"

Virgil's stock rose immediately on the propagation of this astounding report. Without waiting for a confirmation of it, he began to cut up all manner of antics, and among other things destroyed a manuscript of his sister, which had employed her midnight hours during the preceding week. He rejoiced at the disappointment which awaited Belinda; and although he loved her beyond measure, the thought of the pain she was destined to suffer, gave him more pleasure than he had experienced for months. Now, in his judgment, she was to be taught a lesson, which, unless he was much in error, she would not forget in a hurry; and the next time he condescended to offer himself to her, if that should ever happen again—he rather thought he would be snapped up with no little avidity. He might be mistaken, but such, nevertheless was his opinion.

The reader will naturally inquire whether it be indeed true, that Sheldon committed the indiscretion of going off with Molly Hurd. The solution of that question will hereafter be given; but we may now say in anticipation of further developments, that the evidence at that time in



possession of her father, certainly favored such a supposition. Our hero had already lost a staunch friend, the landlord; and even the Ashtons were astonished, when the report, and the circumstances on which it rested, reached their ears. Sheldon was now at a low ebb in Belleville, and tar and feathers were talked of as a fitting garment for him, in case he should return. His return, however, was scarcely looked for, as it was by no means probable that a person who had committed such a crime, would dare re-appear among his victim's offended relatives and friends.

The reader will remember that, on the morning of Sheldon's departure, our friend Molly was not forthcoming when she was sent for by her father, and that she was not found by his messenger at either of the places to which it was supposed she might have gone. Not having returned at the hour of dinner, and it being quite unusual for her to be absent so long, without having previously informed the family of her intention, Hurd and his wife became somewhat uneasy, and their uneasiness, as night approached, was converted into alarm. A search was commenced about midday, and inquiries were made in all directions by her anxious parents and their friends; but no person could be found, who could give any information in relation to the missing girl.

It was not till late in the evening that any tidings of her were received, but they were meagre and of such a nature as at once to increase rather than diminish her parent's anxiety. One of the villagers who had the preceding morning set off on a visit to a town a few miles distant, reported on his return, that he had overtaken Molly about a mile from Belleville, with a small bundle in her hands. He spoke to her, and inquired whither she was going, but received a reply which he either did not understand, or had forgotten.

When this information reached Hurd, it was too late to do anything with the hope of discovering his daughter that night; yet, as no time was to be lost in following her, supposing her destination to be New York, he determined to set off on horseback immediately. Accordingly, having saddled his fleetest horse, he left Belleville, taking an eastern direction, and riding in greater haste than it could reasonably be supposed so indolent a man could have exhibited. But nothing could have excited him to more prompt and active exertions, than the prospect of any harm's befalling his daughter—an only child, to whom he was, even for a father, most devotedly attached. Alarm had roused him into action, and the result was a most rigorous effort to recover his truant and imprudent girl.

When he reached the next considerable village, situated at the distance of four or five miles from Belleville, he discovered that his horse had cast a shoe; and as it was impossible to go on in that condition, he stopped at the smith's to have him re-shod. The man he sought was in bed, the hour being midnight; but the smith, who was an acquaintance of Hurd, readily answered the summons, and, on hearing that the landlord's business was most urgent, agreed to kindle his fire, and put on the shoe.

In a few minutes, the man of iron was laboring at his bellows, and while he stirred the glowing coals, inquired with the little ceremony observed among such people, the nature of the business that had called his friend so far from home at that hour of the night. Hurd told him what had happened.

"Your daughter Molly," said the honest blacksmith, suspending all action for a moment; "why didn't I see her—yes, I did see her this morning with a sort of dandy chap—the same fellow, now I think of it, that I saw last week in your bar-room. You had such a young man lodging with you, hadn't you?"

"Yes, I had—a Mr. Sheldon," replied Hurd, whose surprise and alarm were now much increased: "were they in a light wagon?"

"Yes," replied the smith, "and the horse was a fine large bay with stocking fore legs. He had with him a pointer dog."

"And Molly was with him you say," observed Hurd eagerly.

"She was, and what's more, she was so taken up with the young man, that she had no eyes for me."

"Good God! is it possible!" exclaimed the astonished father, "then she is lost."

Hurd leaned against the door-post, and covered his face with his hands, evidently suffering the most intense mental agony. During the few minutes that he remained in this position, the loquacious smith kept on talking, but his words reached not the ears of the troubled and weeping father, whose mind was too painfully occupied with this new and overwhelming affliction, to heed the conjectures, suggestions, and advice of his honest and well-meaning friend.

At length, Hurd roused himself; a feeling of anger seemed to have suddenly taken full possession of his bosom, and he walked rapidly up and down the shop, muttering to himself, and apparently animated with the burning desire to inflict severe punishment upon the betrayer of his daughter. Had Sheldon made his appearance at that moment, before the unhappy landlord, and while the latter, grasping a bar of iron, was thus under the influence of strong passion, he would have been a lucky man to escape being dashed, with a death-blow, to the earth. But Hurd, whose equanimity of temper had rarely been so much disturbed, was not the person to continue long under such excitement; and he soon became comparatively calm, though he did not flag in his purpose of following the fugitives, and bringing the guilty man to condign punishment.

In a little time, our landlord was again on horseback, pursuing his journey as fast as his horse and the darkness of the night would permit.

Previously to starting, he commissioned the smith to convey the unhappy news to Belleville; a task that was punctually performed, and, as we have before remarked, filled the good people of that place with great astonishment.

Hurd succeeded in tracing his daughter and her companion about twenty miles, but a difficulty arose in the discrepancy between the description which the blacksmith had given of the horse and vehicle, as well as of its owner, and that which he received of them some distance farther. That the former had seen Mr. Sheldon in company with Molly, driving rapidly, as if to elude pursuit, there could be no doubt; and it was equally certain that his daughter had been seen with some person at a still greater distance from home; but from the description that Hurd had last received of the person she was with, he was inclined to doubt whether it could have been Sheldon. "But if not Sheldon," thought he, "who could it have been? As it is certain he had been with her, it is more likely that the person who saw them, was mistaken, than that Molly should so soon have changed her companion." He concluded, therefore, that his lodger was the man, and cursed the folly he had been guilty of, in allowing a dashing a young man to become an inmate of his house.

We do not think it necessary to follow the unhappy landlord in his efforts to recover his naughty girl. Suffice it to say, that he continued his journey till he reached New York, whither he was fully persuaded that she and her betrayer had gone. We may add that he spent three or four days in the search; applied to the police, and received no assistance because he paid no money: walked disconsolately in the thoroughfares in the hope of meeting his daughter, or her unprincipled companion; and finally, having become completely discouraged, turned his face homeward, with a heavy heart. Never did a man quit that city with feelings of deeper sorrow. He had almost abandoned the hope of ever seeing Molly again, or, at least, of seeing her other than a guilty and a ruined thing.

After a week's absence, he returned to Belleville, almost sick with the anxiety and fatigue he had felt and endured since the night of his departure. He was deeply mortified by the disgraceful misdeed of his child; and ashamed to meet his friends and neighbors, many of whom assembled at the inn to inquire whether his search had been successful, he retired to his own room, and was not seen by them till the following day. It soon became known, however, that Molly had not been found, and as Hurd was a popular man in the village, the sympathy of the people was strongly excited by the misfortune which had overtaken him.—Sheldon was pronounced a villain of the blackest dye, and the public indignation was expressed in no measured terms.

Some of those most bitter against our hero, with Virgil Slim at their head, thought it right, as friends of morality and good order, to call a meeting on the subject, with a view of adopting such measures as might be deemed expedient. Handbills were accordingly posted, giving notice that a public meeting would be held at a certain room on the following evening; and a call was likewise inserted in the Independent Banner, accompanied by suitable remarks from the pen of the indignant editor.

The people assembled in their majesty, and Virgil Slim was called to the chair. The chairman, in the course of the evening, made a characteristic speech. Several others harangued the meeting in a feeling manner, and made it appear very clearly, that Belleville would never tolerate such conduct as had been charged upon Mr. Sheldon; and that other evil-doers who might perpetrate similar acts, would stand but a small chance of leaving the place with their ears.

The business of the meeting consisted in the appointment of a large committee to take this matter in charge, and strong resolutions were passed, setting forth the turpitude of the act, of which it was taken for granted, that our hero had been guilty, and proclaiming him to the world as a base and unprincipled man. These resolutions, together with reports of the speeches made on the occasion, were printed on the following day, in the Independent Banner. Like most resolutions, so many millions of which are annually passed in the United States, and which, like unshot guns, make a great noise, but do no damage, they proved quite harmless, and were forgotten almost as soon as they were published.

#### CHAPTER VII.

This affair was destined to be something more than a nine day's wonder; for nine days had already elapsed since Sheldon left the village, and yet it continued to be the subject of conversation, to the exclusion of almost every other topic. How long they would have wondered, and talked, and conjectured, it is impossible to say; but, in all human probability, if nothing had occurred to remove the veil of uncertainty which covered the movements of Molly and her companion, the subject would have been kept under discussion for a twelve-month at least. Fortunately, however, the mystery was explained before the lapse of many days, and a full knowledge of the facts, had the effect to silence every tongue. Nothing, our readers have doubtless observed, contributes more to sustain even an unimportant matter as a subject of curiosity, than mystery. The letters of Julius may be cited as an illustration. Though they possess great merit as compositions, it is not improbable that they would scarcely have outlived the year that produced them, but for the uncertainty that exists as to the authorship, and the long-continued discussions to which that uncertainty has given rise.

On the tenth day, late in the afternoon, our landlord was summoned.

to the porch by the arrival of a guest, and the reader may judge of his surprise on discovering that it was Sheldon whom he as little expected to see, as he did an angel from Heaven. His surprise was so great, that, for a few seconds, he stood perfectly still, not knowing what to do or say.

"Why, Mr. Hurd," said Sheldon, jumping out of his vehicle, "you look as though you had never seen me before. What's the matter, pray?"

"Would to God I never had!" replied the landlord.

"For what reason, pray?" demanded Sheldon seriously; for the tone of Mr. Hurd left no reason to suppose that he spoke in jest.

"Where is my daughter, sir?"

"Your daughter?"

"Yes, my daughter. Where is she?" again demanded Hurd in a peremptory tone.

"I do not know, upon my honor," replied Sheldon. "How should I?"

"And what is the honor of such a man as you? You have taken away my Molly, and if you do not tell me where she is, by G—d I'll have your life."

This conversation was carried on in so loud a tone, that it was heard by many of the neighbors, who came running to the inn to the number of some twenty or thirty, among whom were the doctor, two or three of the lawyers, the storekeeper, and our friend Virgil, of course. It is needless to say that these individuals were not a little surprised at Sheldon's return. Not one of them had ever expected to see him again, believing that his debt to the landlord, to say nothing of his imputed crime of having eloped with Molly, would prevent his coming back. His re-appearance now staggered the opinions of some as to his guilt, while others regarded it as the most consummate piece of audacity they had ever known. Among the latter, was Virgil Slim, who had no more doubt of Sheldon's having committed the act ascribed to him, than he had of his own existence, or of the more important fact of his occupying the editorial chair of the Independent Banner.

Sheldon's arrival had likewise been observed by Belinda, who, seeing a crowd collected about the inn, and overhearing much loud conversation, requested Mr. Ashton to go and learn the cause.

"All this is so extraordinary," said our hero, "that I scarcely know what to say."

"Very extraordinary!" exclaimed one of the by-standers.

"It isn't surprising that he doesn't know what to say," observed Mr. Sharp. "The guilty are generally at a loss for words."

"Perhaps," added another, "that a little tar and feathers would make him tell."

"Or a three-cornered rail," cried the storekeeper.

"Lynch him," said a half-drunken vagabond. "Hang him to the sign-post."

It will readily be believed that Sheldon's feelings were not of the most pleasant description, and he now began to wish that he had never heard of such a place as Belleville. His guilt seemed to be considered certain, not only by the girl's father, but by nearly every person present; and he saw that he was now called upon to perform a very difficult task, namely, to prove himself innocent of the crime of which he was accused. In this emergency, while he was enduring the insults of the assembled crowd, he turned his eyes towards Mr. Ashton's house, and had the satisfaction of seeing that gentleman approaching the inn.

Mr. Hurd now took Sheldon by the arm, and requested him to go into the back room. When they were alone, the unhappy landlord, in a softened tone, and with tears standing in his eyes, begged him to give such information as would lead to the recovery of his child. "You must know where she is," said he, "for she was seen with you in your wagon on the day you went away. O tell me where she is."

This appeal expressed such deep feeling on the part of Hurd, that Sheldon was much moved. He now, for the first time, saw the ground of the charge, and could not help acknowledging that his host had good reason for supposing him guilty. He paused a moment, as though he were considering how he should extricate himself from this singular difficulty. To prove that he was innocent, seemed impossible; and he foresaw that his bare denial of being answerable for her absence, would avail him but little in opposition to the important fact, which he was not prepared to do otherwise than admit, that Molly had ridden with him on the day he left Belleville. To assert his innocence, however, was all that it was in his power to do.

"I do assure you, Mr. Hurd," said he, "that I sympathize with you deeply. And I would to God I could tell where Molly is."

"But she went away with you," observed the landlord, in a mild tone; "what did you with her?—where did you take her?"

"She did not go away with me, my good man," answered Sheldon. "I admit."

"O tell me," interrupted Hurd, who was too impatient to listen to any explanation, and who seemed to suppose that Sheldon persisted in asserting his innocence, from a fear of the consequences of his supposed guilt—"tell me where she is, and you shall not be troubled for what you have done."

"Once more I must insist that I know not where your daughter is."

"You do," cried Hurd; his anger again rising—"you know you do."

"Let me explain, sir."

"I want no explanation: I want my daughter."

"I think you are unreasonable not to allow me"—

"Don't talk to me, sir," cried Hurd, once more in a passion; "I'll make you repent of your rascality."

Saying this, he opened the door and went into the bar-room, where the people were now standing, Mr. Ashton in the midst of them. That gentleman, on seeing Sheldon, went up to him, took him kindly by the hand, and expressed his sorrow at seeing him the subject of suspicions, which he hoped, nay, felt convinced, must be quite unfounded.

"They are," said Sheldon, "so help me Heaven!"

"I believe you," said Mr. Ashton.

"But you have not heard all, perhaps," said the landlord. "Are you aware that Molly was seen with him in his wagon on the day he left here?"

"I heard so," answered Mr. Ashton, "but it is a mere rumour, and if it be true, it may be susceptible of a satisfactory explanation."

"It is true," said Sheldon. "I have not denied that Miss Hurd rode some distance with me that morning. When I had proceeded about four miles on my journey, I overtook the girl, walking briskly with a bundle in her hands; and as I had a vacant seat, and we were travelling the same road, I invited her to accept it, which she did. I carried her about two miles, and then, at her request, set her down at the corner of a small road which branched off to the right. She told me that she was going to visit a friend, and although I thought it rather strange that she should walk so far, while there were horses in her father's stable, I saw no reason to doubt her word, and consequently had no suspicion of there being any thing wrong."

"A likely story!" exclaimed Virgil.

"He lies like a villain as he is," said Mr. Sharp.

"I see nothing improbable in this," observed Mr. Ashton to the landlord. "May not your daughter have eloped with some other person?"

"I am satisfied," said Hurd, into whose ears Virgil Slim had been whispering, "that Sheldon is the guilty man, and he must quit my house, as soon as he shall have paid his bill."

The bill was paid, contrary to the prediction of the attorney Sharp and his friends, and our hero walked to his vehicle, intending to seek some other quarters for the night which was just at hand, and, on the following day, to quit the village forever. It happened, however, that Hurd's was the only tavern in the place, and he would consequently, have been under the necessity of going to the next town, but for the kindness of Mr. Ashton, who insisted that our hero should accompany him home.

"If," said Sheldon, "you are perfectly convinced of my innocence, I will accept your invitation with thanks."

"Your explanation is entirely satisfactory," replied Mr. Ashton.

In a few minutes, Sheldon, mortified and chagrined at being the object of such suspicions and insulting remarks; found himself in the society of Belinda Ashton, to whom he explained all that had occurred. It was no difficult matter to convince the young lady that he had been falsely accused, and her pretty cheeks glowed with indignation, as she listened to his description of the treatment which he had received at the inn. It was a positive pleasure to him to see with what warmth she espoused his cause. Belinda censured Hurd as well as the others, till Sheldon explained that great allowance should be made in favour of the landlord, particularly as the admitted fact on which the charge was grounded, was well calculated to justify his suspicions.

It became evident to Mr. Ashton, in the course of the evening, (though he said nothing about it to his guest), that some mischief was contemplated by Sheldon's enemies. Numbers of them were seen collected in groups, all of whom were in earnest conversation; and their deportment was such as, taken in connexion with the remark he had heard at the inn, led Mr. Ashton to believe that some evil design was to be prosecuted that night. To assure himself that such was the fact, he sent out his servant among them, who soon returned with such information as confirmed his suspicions. Incited by Slim and two or three other malicious individuals, some of the worthless villagers were to possess themselves of Sheldon, and perpetrate some indignity upon his person, as a punishment of the crime of which they persisted in believing him guilty.

All this, however, was frustrated by Mr. Ashton, who immediately went out, and threatened them with the heaviest punishment of the law, if they should carry their purpose into execution. He let them know, also, that he should, in that event, defend his guest to the uttermost, and that they must not expect to succeed in their object without a sacrifice of human life. Finding Mr. Ashton thus determined, and unwilling to hazard their lives to please the instigators of the contemplated outrage, the persons who were to have been the perpetrators of the deed, wisely refused to make the attempt.

Leonora Slim, on hearing that Sheldon had been invited to the Ashton's began to despair. She had grown melancholy, sat up late, read Byron, and written vast quantities of verses. She ascribed her bad luck in this affair, partly to her brother's conduct, and the consequence was, bad feelings between them, and daily bickering. If any thing tended to console her for the loss of Sheldon, it was the fact that the same misfortune deprived Virgil of the lovely Belinda.

Miss Ashton now became exceedingly odious to our accomplished poetess, Leonora composed a satirical poem for the Banner, in imitation of those lines of Byron, commencing thus,

Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred,  
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head.

As no notice was taken of the poem by the lady it was designed to annihilate, the writer was much vexed, and could have pulled caps with her enemy with a right good will.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Our hero was now in excellent quarters, and it would have been to him the most agreeable thing in the world, to have spent some weeks under the hospitable roof of the Ashtons. So near Belinda, of whom every moment increased his admiration, little would have been wanting, save peace of mind, which he did not and could not enjoy, to make him one of the happiest men alive.

On the morning following the events recorded in the last chapter, two strangers drove up to Hurd's inn. One of them was a gentlemanlike man, and the other, though respectable in appearance, was dressed in a more common style.

They first inquired of the landlord, whether he had a lodger by the name of Sheldon, and was answered that the person he sought was at that moment staying at Mr. Ashton's.

"I am rejoiced to hear it," said the gentleman, whose name, by the way, was Walford. "Landlord, take my horse, but let the harness remain on, as we shall not stop long."

Hurd called his boy, and having given directions about the horse and vehicle stated to Mr. Walford what had occurred since Sheldon came to Belleville. The gentleman, though he had professed to be in a hurry, listened patiently, with a decided scowl upon his brow, and seemed painfully interested in what he heard. When the landlord had finished his story, Mr. Walford said, "all this he denies of course."

"To be sure," replied Hurd.

"That looks bad," said Walford in an under tone to the man who accompanied him. The other simply nodded his head, and advised that they should proceed to business. At this moment, our hero was alone with Miss Ashton in the parlour, listening to her charming voice as she sang a popular new song, and accompanied herself on the piano, while his delighted eyes travelled over one of the most perfectly beautiful forms they had ever beheld. His admiration of her mind, as well as of her person, increased tenfold, during the short time he had been under that roof; for such were her simplicity, amiableness, and intelligence, that he was forced to the acknowledgment, that he had never before been thrown into the society of so captivating a creature. Our readers will readily conclude that his heart was not proof against such a combination of charms. It was not indeed; the strong admiration which was excited at his first interview with her, had gradually deepened into a warmer and tenderer feeling; and the interest she had manifested in his behalf on the preceding evening, and the indignation she had felt at the conduct of the villagers, which she took no pains to conceal; had the effect to make him an ardent and devoted lover. While he was thus drinking in the music of her voice, and indulging in a vague but pleasant dream of future happiness, a servant entered and announced that two persons were without desiring to see him.

Sheldon went to the door, and turned pale on recognizing in one of them, the head of a commercial house by whom he had recently been employed, accompanied by a well known officer from the city.

"I have found you at last, George," said Mr. Walford; "I presume you know the object of my visit too well to require an explanation."

"I admit," said Sheldon in an under tone, "that I am aware of the nature of your business. You suspect me, and not without reason, I confess, of having abstracted the sum of money of which your house has lately been robbed; but I assure you, sir, that, however much appearances may be against me, I am as innocent as an unborn babe."

"All that may be true, and for your sake, I trust that it will so turn out; but, for the present, you will excuse me if I should refuse to act as though I had entire confidence in what you say."

At this moment, Mr. Ashton came in, and was at no loss to discover from the embarrassed manner of his guest, that something extraordinary had occurred. The latter, seeing that an explanation was necessary, stepped up to his host, and frankly told him that he was arrested by an officer from New York, on the complaint of a gentleman—the head of a large commercial firm, by whom he had been employed. He then declared his innocence of the crime with which he was charged, and requested Mr. Ashton to suspend his opinion, until the result of an investigation should be known; averring that he had it in his power to show, in the clearest and most satisfactory manner, that he had been unjustly accused.

Mr. Ashton's brow became clouded, and it was apparent that he was disinclined to repose any farther confidence in his guest. His former good opinion of him had been somewhat shaken by the facts connected with the disappearance of Molly; but the subsequent explanation had set that matter right, as we have seen, and induced Mr. Ashton to regard him as an innocent man. This new charge again inspired him with doubt. He took Mr. Walford aside, and spoke to him privately, and while he was in conversation with that gentleman, Sheldon ventured into the parlor, to say a few words to Belinda. The young lady had overheard what had been said in the hall, and she exhibited the utmost astonishment, not knowing what to make of this extraordinary occurrence. "Could it be possible," she thought, "that this Mr. Sheldon, instead of being the amiable and worthy gentleman we have considered him, is no better than a criminal—a fugitive from justice? If this be true, then his declaration in regard to Molly must have been false, and he is the guilty wretch who persuaded her to elope. But no, it cannot be; there certainly is some mistake." These were thoughts that passed rapidly through her mind, and produced such an agitation of her nerves, that she came near falling as she walked across the floor.

"This must appear to you very, very strange, Miss Ashton," said

Sheldon hurriedly, seizing her hand which she speedily withdrew; "but as true as there is a Heaven above us, I am as guiltless of what I am charged with, as you are. This shall be made to appear in due time, and I ask it as a special favor that you will not alter your opinion of me, until I have an opportunity of proving my innocence. If I have been at any time so fortunate as to do you a service, grant what I ask, and the obligation will be more than cancelled."

"I will endeavor to do so," answered Belinda, scarcely knowing what she said.

"God bless you, then," observed Sheldon, "you will learn, ere many days, that confidence in me is not misplaced."

When our hero returned to the hall, he was coldly met by his host, whose conversation with Mr. Walford had produced an impression upon his mind, very unfavorable to his new friend. Mr. Ashton now believed him guilty, and it was a conclusion that he formed with great reluctance. Mr. Walford had stated certain circumstances which left scarcely any room for doubt on the question, and although Mr. Ashton did not know that gentleman, and had never seen him before, yet there was such an air of respectability about him, and his conversation and general demeanour was so much in his favor, that he could not question the opinion hazarded with so much confidence by Mr. Walford, that Sheldon was a guilty man. He extended his hand to take leave of his guest, and said, "Sir, I am sorry to learn that facts point to you as the person who committed the crime for which you are now under arrest; but if you are innocent, none will more rejoice in your acquittal than myself."

"Time will show," said Sheldon, who remarked the coldness of his friend's manner, and felt it most keenly. Without another word on either side, he followed Mr. Walford and the officer to the inn. Several people were collected, and among them was Virgil Slim, who, with a malicious smile, observed to Sheldon that he was happy to find him in such hands as would prevent him from depriving Belleville of any more of its fair inhabitants. "You will write to Belinda, of course," he added, "and keep her informed of your progress hence to the lodgings to be furnished you by the State."

Sheldon despised this good-natured individual too heartily to feel inclined to give utterance to the retort that rose to his lips. He passed him in silence, and met without a word, the sneers of three or four others, whose feelings towards him were of no friendly character.

These persons, particularly Mr. Slim, were in high glee. If any doubts had remained in their minds, whether Sheldon had seduced Molly from her home, this arrest effectually removed them. Hurd was convinced that he owed to him the loss of his daughter, nor could any thing short of a miracle have induced him to think otherwise.

After Sheldon's departure, Mr. Ashton returned to the parlor, and found Belinda in tears—a circumstance that caused no little surprise, since, until that moment, he had not suspected her of entertaining towards him, any other feeling than that of mere friendship. His eyes were now opened to the consequences of her acquaintance with him, and he became alarmed. He was thoroughly acquainted with his daughter's mind; he knew the strength of her feelings when once called into action; and felt certain that where she formed an attachment, it would be no trifling affair, if her affections should be disappointed. He stood a moment looking at her, as though he were considering what course it behooved him to pursue in this emergency. To forbid her thinking of him, would be in vain; equally vain would be the attempt to persuade her, that, as he was unworthy of her love, it was her duty to forget him. What was he to do? He decided to assuage her grief, if possible, by holding up the idea that Sheldon was probably innocent of the crime ascribed to him; hoping that time and the young man's absence, would gradually weaken the attachment, and, at length, so far wean her from him, as to enable her to hear of his conviction with something like indifference.

"Our young friend," said he, "is peculiarly unfortunate in being the object of suspicion; but I trust he will prove to be innocent."

Belinda rose without making a reply, and was about to retire to her room, when her father requested her to remain for a few moments. She again sat down. "This occurrence, my daughter," resumed Mr. Sheldon, "seems to be a source of grief to you; but you make too serious a matter of it by a great deal. Sheldon assured me, upon his honor, that he was not guilty. He does not appear like a man who would tell a deliberate falsehood, and it is by no means unlikely, therefore, that he will make good his promise of establishing his innocence."

"I trust he may," said Belinda.

"So do I with all my heart," observed her father; "and I am strongly inclined to think that he will. Now dry your tears, Belinda, and let us wait patiently to see what a few days will bring forth."

Mr. Ashton went beyond the truth in expressing a belief that Sheldon would successfully defend himself.

Belinda now withdrew to her own room, where she remained till the following morning. Next day she appeared pale and thoughtful, and her parents from that time did all in their power to amuse her, and to revive her deadened interest in the garden and other things which had hitherto occupied so much of her time and attention. Books were procured from the cities, visits were made to various places, some of their most interesting acquaintances were invited to Belleville, and, in short, every thing was done that was calculated to employ her thoughts agreeably, and to prevent her thinking of her absent friend. All this, however, did not succeed to their wish. Composed, yet sad and unusually tacit-

turn, Belinda showed, notwithstanding her efforts to be cheerful, that she was very far from being happy. All her sprightliness and vivacity were gone, and what little animation she exhibited at times, was forced and unnatural.

A few days subsequently to our hero's arrest, Mr. Slim, now that his rival was removed, bethought him of renewing his addresses to Miss Ashton. He took it for granted that she was again in the market, to use a mercantile phrase, that is, that she was matrimonially inclined, and ready to form the best match in her power. He was convinced that he had been refused, only because she had preferred Mr. Sheldon; but now that that gentleman was out of the question, he saw no reason why he should not be accepted, as the most eligible person that was likely to become a candidate for her hand. Having reasoned in this way for several days, and endeavored to screw his courage to the sticking place, he determined at length, to make a trial at least, and not allow a faint heart to prevent his winning a fair lady. Leonora, with whom he held many consultations, advised him not, for the world, to relinquish the pursuit; declaring her firm belief, that nothing more than perseverance was needed, to secure the hand of Miss Ashton. She recommended that in the event of his being accepted, he should propose to be married very soon, lest the lady should alter her mind, and again disappoint him.

Virgil looked upon this advice as suggested by her sisterly regard for him, and did not for a moment suspect that, in urging him to address Miss Ashton, she was actuated by selfish motives alone. The truth is, Miss Slim cherished the hope that Sheldon was innocent, and that he would one day return to Belleville. It was her wish, therefore, to place Belinda beyond his reach, and thus to remove the only formidable obstacle in her own path.

Acting under this advice, Virgil concluded to prepare the way by writing a letter to Miss Ashton, to be followed up by a visit to her in propria persona. We have it in our power to lay a copy of that epistle before the reader:—

"My dear Miss Ashton,

You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from me, after what passed at our last, and to me at least, painful and unsatisfactory interview; and my apology for thus addressing you must be, (and it is the only one I can offer) the feeling with which your beauty and amiableness long since inspired me. Yes, Miss Ashton, notwithstanding your rejection of the proposal which I lately made to you, I love you, and shall ever continue to love you, so long as I have an eye to admire the perfection of female loveliness, and an understanding capable of appreciating a mind like yours.

"A recent event—one that, I am aware, has inflicted pain upon you—has afforded me sincere pleasure, because it has disappointed a man who was altogether unworthy of you, but who, I fear, has had the address to make an impression on your heart. I congratulate you, Miss Ashton, upon your fortunate escape. It is indeed a subject of gratulation, and you cannot imagine how rejoiced are those that love you (who does not?) that the character of Sheldon has been thus early discovered.

"Now that this fellow is out of the way, and likely, thank God, to meet with condign punishment, will you allow me, your humble, but sincere admirer, to renew my addresses? Should the offer of my heart and hand (fortune, unluckily, I have none) which I had the honor to make when I last saw you, and which I now beg leave to repeat, be considered, under the circumstances in which you are now placed, as worthy of your serious attention, I shall feel much flattered; and should that offer be accepted, which Heaven grant, what man that ever trod the earth, could boast of such exquisite felicity, as that event would occasion to him who so ardently loves you?

"Believing that the *blow up*\* of Mr. Sheldon's pretensions, will warrant my calling upon you again, it is my purpose to do so this evening, when I shall have, I trust, the honour of conversing with you on a subject which, for a long period, has occupied so much of my attention, and caused me so many happy and painful hours, as hope or despair predominated in my bosom.

Believe me,

My dear Madam,

Your devoted servant;

VIRGIL SLIM."

This letter was the result of the joint labors of Virgil and his poetic sister. It was concocted late one night, and after many alterations, was thought to be about the thing required. On the following morning Mr. Slim copied it in his best hand (that was poor enough) and transmitted it by one of his imps to Miss Ashton, with the full conviction that it was destined to make him the happiest man in Belleville, if not in the wide world. What delightful feelings were his, when Beelzebub returned and reported that the letter had been safely delivered into the hands of the fair lady! He felt that he loved every body, even his enemies, and had Sheldon appeared at that moment before him, the chances were in favor of his being greeted as a friend. He sat down and wrote several good-natured paragraphs for the Banner, and for the remainder of that day, acted like one who had never spoken an unkind word in his life.

The same evening he repaired, in high spirits, to the house of Mr.

\* The author is of the opinion that some other word or words should be substituted for the inelegant term "*blow up*;" yet, in the original letter, it is certain that the scrawl so nearly resembles these words, as to admit of no other reading, and for that reason, he has introduced them, at the hazard of spoiling this neat and interesting epistle.

Ashton, and was again so fortunate as to find Belinda at home and alone. It is not worth while to repeat what passed at this interview.—The lady was highly indignant at the contents of the letter, and as she never, at any time, felt favorably disposed towards Mr. Slim, her reception of him, on this occasion, was far from cordial. The first glance of her eyes, pierced her hapless loon through and through: and he had not been in her presence ten minutes, before he became satisfied of the utter hopelessness of his cause. The visit was a short one, and he withdrew discouraged, angry with himself, with Belinda, and, indeed, with all the world. Even his sister, the brilliant and tender poetess, felt the effects of his ill humor.

On entering the house, he called Leonora, and not being answered on the instant, stormed and raved like a madman, and threatened to throw her out of doors. When she appeared, he raised his hand in the act to strike her, and he would doubtless have done so, had she not immediately retired in haste to another apartment. In a few minutes he followed her thither, and demanded to know why she had not answered his call.

"I was engaged on a poem," she replied.

"D—n your poems! Where is my vest that I requested you to mend?"

"It is up stairs," answered Leonora with spirit; "but I have not yet done the repairs."

"Why have you not?"

"Because I have been so much occupied with my poem, that I have not had time."

"Well, do you finish it this night before you sleep, or I'll make you repent of your negligence."

"Perhaps you will," returned Leonora, "but I'll finish my poem first. It's of more consequence than your vest."

"To what indignities," thought she, as she turned away from her brutal brother, "are the lofty and sensitive spirits of this world subjected! Byron, the sainted Byron, was persecuted! why should I expect a better fate, or a greater degree of happiness than was vouchsafed to him? Heigho! I'll go to my desk again. The grand work I have in progress, will one day compensate me for the insults I am compelled to endure."

Several weeks passed, and no tidings were received from Molly.—Hurd caused inquiries to be made far and near, but no information concerning her could be obtained. The inhabitants of Belleville settled down in the belief that she had been seduced from her home by Sheldon, and that, having been ruined by him, she was leading a life of infamy in one of the cities. No other supposition would seem to account for her continued absence.

During this time, Mr. Ashton wrote to a friend of his in New York, requesting to be informed of the result of Sheldon's examination before the police Justices, on the charge preferred against him. In a few days he received an answer that confirmed his fears. Sheldon had been remanded to prison to await his trial, and a bill against him had been found by the Grand Jury. His chance of acquittal was considered small, and from the facts that had been developed, he was generally regarded as guilty of the act ascribed to him.

Mr. Ashton did not impart this startling intelligence to his daughter. He determined to await the verdict of the jury, before he should say any thing to her on the subject. In the mean time, he avoided any allusion to Mr. Sheldon, and by every means in his power, endeavored to banish all thoughts of him from her mind. It was in vain, however; Belinda continued melancholy and thoughtful; she lost all relish for her usual occupations; grew pale and emaciated, and symptoms of approaching decline became alarmingly apparent.

After the lapse of about five weeks from the period of Sheldon's arrest in Belleville, Miss Ashton, who was seated by the window of her little chamber, observed a gentleman drive to the inn accompanied by a female. Her heart beat violently, for she thought she recognized him. Could it indeed be her lover? The distance, together with a dress different from that in which she had been accustomed to see him, rendered her uncertain. He sprang from the vehicle, and with his companion, passed into the house. A gathering of the neighbors took place, and the whole village was soon in commotion.

Belinda was agitated beyond measure. In attempting to reach her couch, she fainted and fell upon the floor. The noise of the fall called up her mother and father, who, unaware of the cause of this occurrence, were excessively alarmed, and sent off immediately for their physician. On recovering, and learning what they had done, Miss Ashton, with the frankness which had always characterized her, explained the reason of her fainting. The order for the physician was therefore countermanded, and the servant dispatched to inquire whether Mr. Sheldon had indeed returned. Before the message came back, Sheldon himself was at the door. Mr. Ashton received him coolly, but assented to a private interview with his visitor, who declared that he had with him, proof positive of his innocence both of the crime for which he had been arrested, and having corrupted the landlord's daughter.

His explanation was, in substance, as follows: Mr. Sheldon and a young man named Bradley were fellow clerks in a large commercial house. The former had inherited considerable property from an uncle, and after leaving college, having manifested a strong aversion to the profession for which his father had designed him, entered the house of Walford & Co., to learn the business of a merchant.

Bradley was well educated and respectable, but poor. His salary



was nearly all that his family, consisting of himself, mother, and sister, depended upon for support. An intimacy was contracted between him and Sheldon, and they became inseparable friends.

A little more than a month preceding Sheldon's arrival at Belleville, a large deficit was discovered in the cash of Walford & Co. At the same time Bradley found it convenient to leave the service of the house, and shortly after, with his mother and sister, left the city. An inquiry into the matter, fixed suspicion on Sheldon and Bradley, the former of whom, indignant and mortified, likewise left the house. He challenged a strict investigation, which being made, and nothing of sufficient importance having been discovered, to warrant his arrest, he determined to retire for a season to the country. Arriving at Belleville, as we have seen, he concluded to remain for a few weeks, or as long as he should find it agreeable to do so.

Subsequently to this, new developments were made which led the parties to believe that Sheldon had been concerned in the abstraction of their funds. These facts were privately stated to the police, and after due consideration of them by the officers, the arrest and examination of our hero, were strongly advised. This was done, and resulted as before stated, in the finding a bill against him for robbery.

Sheldon was immediately bailed by his friends, and when at liberty, set himself at work to find Bradley, whom he suspected to be the guilty person. This opinion was founded on that young man's having lived in a style very different from what his bare salary would warrant, and on some other circumstances which it is not necessary to mention. All this had appeared strange to Sheldon, but until the robbery came to light, he had never questioned the honor and integrity of his friend.

The search was unsuccessful. All trace of Bradley and his family was lost, and Sheldon began to apprehend that he would be obliged to take the chance of a public trial. To a sensitive mind, like his, it was sufficiently distressing to lie under the suspicion of theft; but the idea of suffering incarceration for a crime of which he knew himself to be innocent, was dreadful in the extreme.

As the day appointed for his trial approached, his anxiety increased, till his health was so much affected by the mental agony he endured, that he was scarcely able to leave his room. He had abandoned all hope of finding Bradley, and he now saw no escape from disgrace.

At length, much to his surprise, a letter from young Bradley was received by Walford & Co. containing a confession of having taken the money, and used it in a speculation in cotton. A great loss was the consequence, and then he resorted to the gaming table to repair the deficiency. What was not thus disposed of, was spent in the society of some abandoned characters with whom he had unfortunately become intimate. Fearing the consequences of discovery, he determined to leave the city, and after drawing the salary that remained unpaid, he went to New Orleans, where he shortly after learned from the papers, that his friend had been arrested. At first he determined to confess his guilt, but the thought of the disgrace that would overtake him and his family, induced him to change his mind. It was then the sickly season at New Orleans, and before they had been there many days, both his mother and sister died of the yellow scourge. The only obstacle to a confession being thus removed, he decided at once to relieve his friend from the imputation of guilt, and he accordingly employed the first calm moments after the interment of his relatives, in writing out a full history of the facts, which he forwarded to the men whom he had wronged. He exonerated Sheldon from any knowledge of, or participation in, the crime; and his declarations were supported by such proof as left no doubt in the minds of Walford & Co. that the person they had arrested, was innocent. The papers were laid before the prosecuting attorney, who, on the day the trial was to have taken place, moved that a *nolle prosequi* be ordered, which was done, and the accused discharged.

A letter from the attorney, and another from Walford & Co. were obtained, addressed to Mr. Ashton, who, after perusing them, declared himself satisfied of Sheldon's innocence, and once more restored him to his confidence. He shook our hero warmly by the hand, and congratulated him upon his fortunate escape.

"But how can you explain the absence of Molly?" demanded Mr. Ashton with a smile, now sufficiently convinced that his friend could have had little or nothing to do with that affair. "You carried her away, it seems, and you have now brought her back; where has she been all this time?"

"As I was passing through Broadway on my way to the boat, a female came up behind me, and touched my shoulder. I turned and recognised Molly, who burst into tears. I requested her to step with me into the store of a friend of mine hard by, which she did, and there imparted to me the history of her movements after she left Belleville. It was the old story of a promise of marriage, and a betraying of her unsuspecting innocence by a young man residing a few miles from this place. Impelled by her long-cherished desire to see the city, it was no difficult matter for him to persuade her to accompany him thither; but in a few days after she took the first imprudent step, she discovered, when too late, that he had no intention of performing his promise. He left her destitute of means for support, and she had subsisted many days on charity. She was ashamed to return home, and but for her accidental meeting with me, would probably have fallen into the evil ways, resorted to by so many unfortunates. After much persuasion, she consented to return with me to Belleville, and I have had the satisfaction of restoring her to her parents."

We may here conclude the story of Sheldon and Belinda, with the

simple remark that they were married within three months after his triumphant return to Belleville. His enemies were completely silenced, and many of them afterwards became his friends. Virgil, however, never would be reconciled, and in the course of the following year, the patronage of the Independent Banner being inadequate to its support, he broke up his establishment and went away. Leonora accompanied him, and she is, probably, at this moment, writing poetry which, in her opinion, is destined to confer immortality on her name.

It will be a satisfaction to our readers to know, that the young man who treated Molly so shabbily, was compelled to marry her. The inhabitants of Belleville and its vicinity entered warmly into her cause, and threatened him with all sorts of indignities, unless he consented to do her justice without delay. There was no avoiding their imperious demands, and he became the husband of the unfortunate girl.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE:

The following scrap of poetry, which was written by an uneducated farmer's boy a long way down-east, I have begged of the author for you, under a promise to bring the public acquainted with him through the *Brother Jonathan*. I am no friend to scribblers or scribbling, as you know—and still less to the manufacturing of poetry per order, instead of delving at an honest livelihood. But when I see a lump of the true ore like this, and find it in form of a poor fellow who *cannot work*, and must either play or die, I can't for the life of me, bring myself to pass by on the other side, and leave him to perish.

Yours truly, J. N.

PORTLAND, Jan. 11, 1842.

To ———

Considering your kind proposal, I have preferred placing my article in your hands. I am quite a believer in your doctrine, that there is *every thing* in a name, whatever may be quoted to the contrary; and if you will introduce me to the "*Brother Jonathan*" you will thereby confer a favor for which I shall have every reason to be grateful.

I. G. BLANCHARD.

#### TO THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Ye gorgeous visions of the northern sky,

Mysterious and sublime!

Who lit your brilliant lights on high?

Stream ye alone in idle revelry

Above our cloudy clime,

Without an aim, or nature, more

Than mortal vision can explore?

Or have ye some high, unknown ministry?

Whence sprang ye into birth?

In distant realms unseen?

Or claim ye sisterhood with earth?

And will your strange, ethereal sheen

Fade with her fading sphere?

Man's wisdom has not told—

Ye are a mystery,

Which time perhaps shall ne'er unfold;

Philosophy, whose eagle pinion bold

Has conquered space, and brought the planets near

To her inspecting eye,

Has sought in vain to fathom you,

Or tell the office that ye do.

Ye are of latter date—

Say—are ye for a sign,

Lit by the hand divine,

Whence earth should read her coming fate?

Signs shall be set in heaven,

And wonders meet the eye,

And flaming prodigies be given

Within the upper sky.

Ye may be such—yet Man would be

Most backward thus to interpret ye,

Who glides in blind security,

Down Time's exhausting tide;

Puts far away the evil day,

Or dreams that he shall dwell for aye,

In all his lust and pride.

Whate'er ye are, ye have an aim,

For He has lit your wondrous flame,

Who fashions not a flower in vain,

And howe'er fruitlessly we pry

Into your inward mystery,

One feature still is plain—

Like as in all his works, sublime or fair,

We trace the glories of the Godhead there!

December, 1841.

ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD.

From the Athenæum.

## STAUENBACH, THE SHARPSHOOTER.

After the battle of Austerlitz, the Austrian army was virtually disbanded. The regiments were left without pay in consequence of the general breaking up of the Austrian finance; the public spirit was extinguished by the result of so many unsuccessful wars; Napoleon's genius seemed to have gained the final ascendancy; and the general feeling throughout the Continent was, that all efforts for independence were hopeless.

But in the midst of this national despair there were some gallant spirits left, as if to keep up the remembrance of the old national glory, and be ready for the time of retribution. Among the disbanded troops was a regiment of sharpshooters, chiefly raised among the range of the Carinthian Alps. They were ordered home to their native place, and some French officers, with a commissary-general, were sent to attend them to Laybach, and see the measure completed.

The country in the neighborhood of Laybach is remarkably hilly, and the regiment was compelled to scatter a good deal. The men fell into groupes, and as they became less immediately within sight of their masters, murmurs arose at the journey, and the insult of being thus driven home by French commissaries. As a party were thus talking at a turn of the mountain road, where they had halted without much fear of the officers before their eyes, the rear company of the regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Stauenbach, overtook them, and the sitters-down invited the others to drink. Discipline had been nearly at an end for some days before, and Stauenbach made no objection. He had probably been meditating something of what followed, for, on the glass being presented to him, he drank "the health of our father, (the Emperor,) and better days to our country." The toast was received with shouts. What was subsequently done to rouse the sharpshooters is not known, but it may be tolerably conceived, from the fact, that the colonel and staff were the only part of the regiment that entered Laybach with the Frenchmen: what had become of Stauenbach and the other officers no one could tell. Inquiry was set on foot by the French authorities, who were then pervading every corner of the Austrian territory; but nothing could be ascertained, further, than that the whole regiment had anticipated Napoleon's orders, and had suddenly disappeared.

In a few days, however, reports were brought in to Laybach of occasional fires having been seen in the mountains that edge the valley of the Saave; and one morning the despatches, regularly forwarded to the French commissary-in-chief, did not arrive. This produced some disturbance in the city, and no slight alarm among the gentlemen of the French staff, who immediately despatched a courier to Moravia for an additional force of French troops. The courier set out at night, to prevent accidents; but his prevention was unlucky, for the next day he was set down blindfold within a short distance of Laybach, with a note declaring "war against the French," and informing "the French staff," that if they chose to stay in Laybach they might, but that not a man of them should ever return to France. This formidable document was signed "the King of the Mountains."

This billet produced singular excitement in the city. The French commandant instantly ordered a meeting of the authorities, and in this civic and military council his Majesty of the Mountains was declared a public enemy, and a reward of the adequate number of thalers was offered for him, dead or alive. This was probably an unwilling measure on the part of the grave burghers of Carniola, but they knew the activity of Napoleon's vengeance too well to talk of hesitation; with the populace it was altogether a different affair, and their rejoicing at the defiance was all but treason to the supremacy of the conqueror. The "King of the Mountains" was an effective name, and the habitual taste of the German for forest wonders found its supreme indulgence in inventing attributes and adventures for this mysterious monarch.

War, and of all its kinds insurrectionary war, is fitted to take hold upon the popular imagination. Its secrecy, its sudden explosions—its sudden extinctions in one quarter, to spring up like a conflagration in another—even the personal intrepidity, intelligence, and dexterity required in its solitary and hazardous enterprises, throw a romantic and superstitious interest about it, that gives a powerful impulse to the imagination. The "King of the Mountains" had none of the established indolence of the throne; he seemed even to have the faculty of being every where at once. The arrival of couriers soon ceased totally, or occurred only by permission of his invisible majesty: and then the letters were generally open, and accompanied by remarks, sometimes burlesque and sarcastic, and sometimes conveying intelligence of the most disastrous nature from France. The peasants brought provisions to the city only under the passport of his majesty; the traders and travellers were compelled to advertise in the Laybach *Zeitung* before they set out, their route, with a declaration that they were not going to France; in short, his majesty's determination to extinguish all intercourse with the land of tyranny, was expressed with the most undiplomatic distinctness and absence of ceremony.

The French authorities, however, now set themselves actively to resist the public feeling; and, as their first step, ordered the printer of the *Zeitung* to jail, with a declaration, that the first merchant or traveller suspected of compromising with "the banditti," should follow the printer. This had its effect for a few days, and the advertisements were stopped. But a Bolognese jeweller, who had come to the fair of Idria, and after

lingering impatiently for some weeks in the city, was anxious to realize his produce on the other side of the Tyrol, had not left Laybach half a German mile, when he was met by a party of armed "peasantry," who ordered him back. They took nothing from him, and when he offered them money, refused it, stating that they were paid by their own "sovereign; and ordered merely to prevent any man's going through his territory without his passport. Some other attempts had the same result; until at length the French commandant determined to take the field against the unseen usurper. He gathered about five hundred troops of different arms, and called out the Burgher-guard to make up his army. But the citizens had long since settled their minds upon the point, and they, one and all, discovered so many personal reasons for objecting to a mountain campaign, that M. le Colonel de Talmont was at last, with infinite indignation, obliged to compromise the affair, and leave the whole of the gallant Burgher-guard for the defence of the gates and ditches.

The Colonel was a bold fellow, a *vieux moustache*, who had served from the time of Moreau's march into Swabia, and was a soldier all over. The idea that his communications should be intercepted by a "mountain thief, a pedler, a goat hunter," was at once intolerable and ludicrous; and he promised the civil council, that, before twelve hours were over they should see the "robber" with a rope round his neck.—For the purpose of more complete surprise, the expedition was to wait for nightfall. About seven in the evening a patrol which had been ordered to search the market peasants as they passed out of the gates, (for the honest Carniolans were strongly suspected of carrying on the correspondence of the disaffected within and without,) brought in an old seller of eggs, in whose basket they had found some gunpowder. This was of course contraband of war, and the peasant was brought to head-quarters. A farther search discovered a letter to the "Mountain King." He was extremely decrepid, and so deaf, that he could be scarcely made to understand that a court-martial was about to be held upon him. His Carniolan jargon was equally lost upon the Colonel. To shoot him, however, required some consideration. Trial was impossible, with a man destitute of all faculty of explanation, or understanding; his age rendered him harmless; and cruelty might have irritated the country people (who had crowded back on his seizure,) and deprived the city of its provisions. Finally, as the best alternative, it was determined to make use of the old man as a guide to the haunt of the insurgent chief.

This, however, he positively refused to be, under fifty pleas of ignorance, feebleness and fear; he was at last induced to give way, was seated on a baggage mule, and with a bayonet at his back was marched out with the troops. The peasantry hung their heads, with no very measured expressions of wrath at the hoary traitor; but as the French never condescend to know any language but their own, all this was lost upon them. Night fell—the expedition proceeded—and the old man and his ass were put in front of the column, watched by half-a-dozen Chasseurs as the advance of the whole.

The mountain range that overhangs the Idrian Mine Country is, though not very elevated, remarkably rugged. Short, sharp descents, and heights where every rock seems pointed for the express purpose of repulsion, make it an extremely arduous business to work one's way through it in the day-time—what must it be in the night! To add to its difficulties, one of those storms, so common and so violent in the summer of the south of Germany, came on. The whole expedition, the "general camp, pioneers and all," were drenched in a moment, and after a faint struggle to get on, the whole scattered themselves under the pine trees that cover every spot where a root can cling. The Colonel, fearful of losing his guide, now ordered him to be doubly watched; but he was so far from attempting escape, that to avoid the storm, he was already making his way back to the clump where the Colonel had taken his stand.

The storm had now risen to a pitch of fury that made the shelter of the forest more perilous than even the open air; the trees were torn up by the roots—huge branches were flying about, to the infinite peril of every one who came in their way—sheets of gravel, and the lighter stones from the sides of the limestone cliffs, filled the air; and when to this were added thunder, that absolutely deafened the ear, and flashes that burst like shells from rock to rock, splitting whatever they touched, it may be believed, that the French wished themselves far enough that night from the mountains of Idria.

It was now between twelve and one; the troops had been out four hours, and as no symptoms of the insurgents had appeared, and every soul was heartily tired, the order was given to return. The whole corps was instantly *en route* with gladdened hearts; but even this had now become no trivial matter. The road, bad enough before, was now ten times worse; the ascents were so slippery as to be almost inaccessible; the descents were but so many precipices—plunging them into so many torrents, as every rivulet had now swelled into a furious stream. The Laybach river this night had many a knapsack and pouch carried down its flood from the tributary streams of the hills.

In two hours more it would be morning, and the storm had at length begun to subside. But fighting was altogether out of the question, in the present dilapidated state of the "grand army" of Laybach.—They were now toiling their slow way along the verge of the hollow in which the Quicksilver Mines lie, and which, from its shape and perpetual vapour, puts the traveller in mind of the boiler of a steam-engine; but, however picturesque for the eye of the tourist, a more vexatious route for a drenched army could not have been found in all Germany.

On a sudden, the old guide pointed to something that through the



fog looked like the light in a cottage window. In a moment it had disappeared, and was in another followed by successive lights. The Colonel was an old soldier, and had learned his first lessons in the mountain battles of the Brigau. The troops were instantly closed up, and ordered to stand to their arms—but the order had been scarcely given, before a shower of shot was poured in upon the position. Some men were knocked down close to the Colonel, and among them the old guide. De Talmont was proverbially brave, and cared nothing about giving or taking death; but he had humanity about him still, and he stooped down to give the dying man a draught of wine out of his canteen. The peasant swallowed it with difficulty, and dropped back on the ground with a deep groan. The firing had suddenly ceased, or was kept up only by the French flankers, who sent out a random shot now and then, without, however, knowing on which side the assailants were to be found. The word was again given to move, and the column began to pass down the sharp declivity above the village of Idria; but this declivity is seven hundred feet by the plumbline; and it may be imagined that, in utter darkness, it was not the easiest path in the world for a drenched and harassed party of foreigners. They had not descended half a hundred feet when a rifle flashed full in the Colonel's face; and this signal was followed by a rapid running fire, that seemed to circle the whole valley. The column feebly attempted to recover the high ground, but the balls came in showers from the ridge; to make their way down to the village was as much out of the question, unless they rolled themselves down the scarped precipice, where none but a dead man could ever reach the bottom; to stand where they were was impossible, for the bullets were raking their exposed column in all directions.

The Colonel had now found out his error, and with a few desperate men made a rush to the summit; the fire gradually paused on both sides from the excessive darkness, and he made good his footing; but out of his five hundred not above fifty could be gathered round him—the rest had been either shot or scattered through the forest. With that fifty, however, he made a bold stand, and the firing began to be vivid again, when he felt himself suddenly grasped by the neck. The grasp was that of a giant; and he was in a moment dragged away among the rocks, until, between exhaustion and surprise, he fainted.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a hut with two or three long bearded wild-looking figures, warming themselves over a stove. Beside the bed on which he lay, there was sitting a handsome, athletic young man, in the uniform of a Yager; the Colonel thought that he had seen the face before, and inquired into whose hands he had fallen.

"Better hands than a Frenchman's," was the rough answer: "for if we had fallen into theirs, we should have been shot; you are now among the freehunters of Carniola."

"And who are you?" said the prisoner.

"Me! why, I am all things in turn," said the Yager, laughing. "Yesterday, I was a grave citizen of Laybach, attending the order of Colonel de Talmont to shoulder my musket and mount guard in honor of Napoleon; this morning I am the King of the Mountains. I wish you joy at your arrival in my dominions, Colonel!"

"So, I am to thank your Majesty for last night's work; I wonder you did not shoot me at once—if I had caught you, it would have gone hard with your Kingship."

"Why, then, to tell you the truth, you were spared for the sake of a little piece of service that you did to a friend of mine."

The Yager started up, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, came forward tottering towards the bed.

"Ah, by Jove, our old guide—that infernal old rogue; I suspected him once or twice, but the rascal seemed so decrepid, there was no use in killing him: a pistol-shot would scarcely have hurried him out of the world. Yes, I could have sworn that he was mortally wounded by the first fire. All a ruse, then?"

"All," said the Yager, "all was fictitious, but the generosity of Colonel de Talmont, that would not let even an old peasant go to the other world without a cup of wine. I was the old peasant—I had gone into the city to see what you were about. I threw myself in the way of your patrol, Colonel, and became your guide. I had intended, as soon as I had brought you thoroughly into mischief, to make my escape, and take the command of my mountaineers. But you watched me too well—I had then nothing for it, but to pretend to be wounded in the first fire. The manœuvre succeeded tolerably, but, upon my honor, when I caught a glimpse of you, turning round to examine me, I expected to have found the business settled by the point of your sabre. I was agreeably disappointed by finding your canteen at my mouth, and from that moment I wished to be of what service I could to you. On your advance I was free, and you know the rest. The flashing of the rifles shewed me where you stood; and, as the only chance of saving you, I took the liberty of making a dash at your neck; it was no time for ceremony, and I was lucky enough in carrying you off without being touched myself. This is my palace, Colonel, and here you may command."

"And who the devil are you, after all?" said the Colonel.

"Mystery is a source of the sublime," answered the Yager. "That must remain a secret till better times."

In a few days the Colonel was sent to Laybach. He found the greater part of his expedition there before him, for the random firing of a night attack had produced little besides terror. The dispersion of the troops, however, had been complete; they had brought home neither arms, ammunition, nor baggage. But, in default of these, they had brought abundance of exaggerated stories of the multitude and ferocity

of the enemy. De Talmont soon returned with his corps to France. He found the passes open, and the King of the Mountains true to the laws of hospitality. But it fared differently with his successors; his Majesty continued the wonder of Carniola, and the horror of the French, for years. He continually surprised and defeated the corps that attempted to beat up his quarters, until the idea was utterly abandoned in despair. His last exploit was cutting off the rear division and the whole of the baggage of a French Marshal moving on Italy. Who the mountain king was, nobody knew, he had a hundred histories; he was alternately supposed to be Hofer, who had escaped from Mantua; Steinfurt, the famous Austrian general of Light troops, whose body had not been found after the battle of Austerlitz; and a multitude of others.—The country people, however, fairly believed him to be neither Tyrolean nor German, but a good incarnation of the Devil—a benevolent prince of the power of the air—to be touched by neither ball nor bayonet, and, in the fitting time, to lead his mountain spirits to the liberation of the empire.

At length the aggressions of France compelled Austria to try the chances of war again. On the first order to levy troops, Lieutenant Stauenbach appeared at the court of Vienna with the offer of a regiment of three thousand sharpshooters! A deputation of his companions in their mountain costume, long-bearded, and with buskins and caps of wolf and bear-hides, attended him. The offer was gladly received.—He was placed at the head of his "Free corps," and distinguished himself by remarkable gallantry in the campaign of Wagram. At the battle of Leipsic he was a general officer, with the "Free corps" in his division; and the mountaineers of Carniola, and their general Stauenbach, will be long remembered by Germany, and by her enemies.

**THE IRISHMAN'S CAT.**—A short time ago, a poor Irishman applied at the Churchwarden's Office of Manchester for relief; and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, he enforced his suit with much earnestness:—"Och, your honor," said he, "sure I'll be starved long since but for my cat." "But for what?" asked his astonished interrogator. "My cat!" rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat! how so?" "Shure, your honor, I could her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always at home before I'd get there myself."

**IS IT A PICTURE?**—A writer in the British New Sporting Magazine, gives the following as a scene at the New York Tattersals:

It is the custom there to state in the catalogue the reason of the owner for parting with his property; and whilst some of the excuses are sufficiently ingenious, all are of course, most satisfactory.

It is an auction day—let us look in.

On one side of a circular building, laid with tan and sawdust, adopted, I presume, as being pleasanter to tender feet than hard and rough stones, stood a small wooden platform, around which were gathered a few slang horse-dealer-looking individuals, with long pig-whips or thick sticks under their arms, sneeringly reading over a villainously printed catalogue, whilst their remarks were neither delicate nor low-toned.

Ding—ding—ding went a bell. The auctioneer mounted the rostrum, the crowd clustered around it, and, with a violent smacking of whips from the opposite side of the building, out stumbled a wretched, half-starved, bay colt, followed by a man with a huge pig-whip, lashing and shouting with all his might.

"Now, gentlemen," began the orator, "here's a bootiful nag and described in the bill as 'a bay gelding warranted quiet to ride, and quiet in double and single harness.'"

"Quiet enough, I guess," observed a by-stander, "if you only didn't keep a flanking of him so."

"He stands fifteen 'ands and 'aff a ninch," continued the auctioneer: "and he's sold because his owner aint got no use for him."

"Shouldn't wonder," echoed a voice in the crowd.

"D'ye warrant him sound?" enquired one, amid a horse-laugh from the rest.

"Is it the fashion to drive bow-legged 'uns in your city?" asked another.

"Why, he's broken kneed," roared a fourth.

"Not at all, you Mister," cried the auctioneer pertly. "The gentleman who sells his horse always marks all his stud on the knee, that he may know 'em again."

"The devil he does! well then, I've got one of his'n at home—perhaps you'll tell him to send for it."

"Now, gentlemen, will you go a bid if you please?" What shall I say? Forty dollars? Five-and-thirty? Thirty?"

"I bid half a dollar," roared a voice.

"Thank you, sir," sneered the auctioneer, with a little smile—then looking ten thousand hammers at the bidder, he added, "perhaps you'd better not offer so much again, or some one may guess you're a puffer.—Shall I say ten dollars for you, sir?"

The person addressed shook his head knowingly, "a la Burleigh."

"Five dollars is bid—thank yer, sir—and 'aff—and 'aff—and 'aff"—and hammer, hand and head bowed gradually downward to the desk.

"What's the matter with that eye next the wall?" said one.

"Wall-eyed, I guess," suggested another.  
 "Take care—mind yourselves," shouted a third.  
 "Wbat's the matter?"  
 "He's flippin' his tail—it'll set his nose a-bleedin'."  
 "Well, then—lend him yer handkercher."  
 "Five dollars and 'aff—six—thank you, sir; and the auctioneer really did look grateful.  
 "Pray, mister auctioneer," cried one of the company, "have you got a knife and fork handy? I should like to try if my dog will eat him before I bid."  
 "Thank you, sir—six dollars—and 'aff—and 'aff—and 'aff, and a-goin'—a-goin'—a-goin'."  
 "Into a gallopin' consumption," tagged on somebody.  
 "Again—a-goin'. Is there any advance on six and 'aff?"  
 "May we bid what we like?" asked a by-stander.  
 "Certainly, sir."  
 "Then I'll bid you good day, and be d—d to you."  
 "Thank you, sir—you're a blackguard, sir—and that's an old joke," said the auctioneer; and so it was.  
 "A-goin'—a-goin'," he began again; any advance on six—and three-quarters? Thank you, sir; six and three-quarters is all I'm bid for this fine specimen of—  
 "Anatomy," chimed in a by-stander.  
 "I say six and three-quarters is all I'm bid for this fine"—  
 "Bag o' bones," interrupted another.  
 "Six and three-quarters—six and three-quarters. Goin'—goin', for six and three quarters."  
 "How much is that a pound?" inquired a fellow.  
 "More than you're worth," retorted the auctioneer. "Now goin'—goin'; only six and three-quarters."  
 "What! ain't he older than that?" asked a customer with well-feigned astonishment.  
 "Six and three-quarters. Goin'—goin'. Will no one advance on six and three-quarters?" bawled the tired auctioneer. Then, looking round half in despair and half in spite, the hammer fell upon the desk with "Gone for six dollars and seventy-five cents."  
 The happy purchaser received the congratulations of his friends with becoming modesty. "What'll you take for his skin?" asked one.—  
 "It's all wore out with his bones," roared another. "I'd stuff him for a rocking-horse," suggested a third. "He's a hazardous purchase," chimed in a fourth.  
 "A hazardous purchase! Why so?"  
 "Because he's all neck and nothing. But what do you mean to do with him?"  
 "Well, I'll tell you. You see how long it's been raining, and what a heap o' water there is in that gutter—you can't any of you cross it.—There now, I bought him to carry me over that gutter, and when I'm safe on the other side, I shall give him away to the first little boy I meet with."

From Frazer's Magazine.

## SUNDAY NOON AT SEA.

"Thus said the rover  
 To his gallant crew,  
 Up with the black flag,  
 Down with the blue."

Sea Song.

The breeze, during the night, continued strong and steady, and Saucy Sally having put her best foot foremost made a good leg during the last twelve hours of her career. At daylight one solitary sail was seen far away on the lee quarter—one of our impatient consorts, doubtless, of the late calm—her head was turned in a like direction with our own, yet she did not, like us, appear to be quite so anxious to make up for lost time; at all events, she did not show any thing like the quantity of drapery where-with Saucy Sally was invested. Probably her captain was *paid by the month*, and felt no pressing inducements to urge him home. Whatever the motive, the stranger was under easy sail, whilst Saucy Sally was bowling cheerily along under a superfluity of *muslin*, every thing being *sweated* well up, and her sails standing like boards.

The joyous party of Saturday night had again assembled and done justice to their ample matutinal fare. Order and regularity were every where observable, and crew and passengers prepared to do reverence to that day, whose command to be kept holy was scrupulously adhered to by the excellent commander. The main deck awning was spread; the captain, garnished with the glorious banner of Albion, was fitted to do duty for pulpit. As if in reverence of the sacred rites, the breeze, hitherto a fresh one, died away to a gentle air, propelling the floating sanctuary some two knots through the water. Saucy Sally sported royals and sky sails, with the lower foretop mast and foretop gallant studding sails braced just so far forward as to be cleverly full on the starboard tack. We had carried the south-east trade a long way across the equator, being, at the moment of which I now treat, Sunday 29th May, 18—, in latitude 14° 5', north longitude 33° west. Just as we were preparing to commence service, we passed close by the heel of a topmast. It was covered with barnacles, and was attended by three large varacanta and a superb dolphin, which, for a brief space, paid their respects to our ship, ultimately, however, returning to the wave-worn spar. What reflections this fragment of a ship tended to awaken! Was the loss of her mast her sole mishap? or had the fated bark and her gallant band become the victims of the

relentless deep? Or worse—far worse—were they even then, their goodly vessel stript of all her gay and lofty apparel, driving a sheer hulk at the mercy of the elements—no means left to gain the wished-for haven—no hope again to list the much-loved voice of mother, brother,—wife—famine and thirst their consorts—a fearful death their anticipated doom! Was this the destiny of her of the broken topmast? The ocean blabs no secrets.

Prayers had been said, and Macsawney was just about to commence Blair's beautiful discourse "On the Disorders of the Passions," when Bosy, who was leaning now over that poop rail, now casting a glance to leeward, broke forth:—

"I ax pardon, captain, but the stranger craft has fetched our wake, set his fore-to-ga'nt sail, an' is walkin' up to us like winky."

"What distance is he?" asked Macsawney, without moving muscle or feature.

"I can just make out the roach of his fore course as he rises to the swell."

"Very good. Keep him in your eye, and when I've done service I'll take a look at him myself. Never mind him, gentlemen," said the skipper, with the utmost placidity to his passengers, who thronged the side to catch a glimpse of the stranger, "we'll ascertain who and what he is by and by. In the mean time, let me beg your attention to the fate of the envious Haman, which should prove a wholesome lesson to us all."

How far Macsawney benefitted by the powerful discourse, which he read with a clear and earnest voice, it would be difficult to tell, but, to judge by the leeward looks of his auditors, their thoughts were at least divided, and no sooner had the volume been closed than an eager rush toward the taffrail ensued. The captain, after carefully replacing his books and seeing the main deck in its usual position, ascended the poop ladder, followed by Mr. Snuffle and O'Donoghue. The breeze had still more subsided, and the Saucy Sally drew her stately form lazily through the water. The stranger's hull was now clearly discernible, and instead of the scanty canvass which he had so lately shewn, he had now packed every stitch that he could set, which, to expedite his junction, he was most assiduously wetting.

"Humph!" ejaculated Macsawney, after a patient survey, "That fellow's more anxious to speak us than I am to exchange communications with him. His actions seem suspicious, to say the least, and as it's always best to be prepared, why it may be just as well to load the waist guns (these were two ineffective short nine-pound gunades) with round and canister, and to send the small arm-chest on deck. Mr. O'Donoghue, see to it, my man."

"Nivur fare, sir," responded the mate, as an Irishman invariably does,—*"nivur fare, sir."* And away skipped O'Donoghue to execute his superior's command.

"Gentlemen," continued the captain, in the quiet, sententious manner which characterised him in every emergency, "I've seen some of you turn up the nellys and albatrosses sharp and sure; now, as there may be worse *kites* than them coming up astern, perhaps you would have no objection to a shot should they come beyond friendly hail."

The hint sufficed. A general move ensued, and rifle and fowling-piece were in instant requisition. When next I returned to the deck, I found the poop and main-deck awning furled, the ship still continued her course, but every practicable arrangement had been adopted for defence, provided our persevering pursuer meditated a hostile encounter.

"Ay, ay!" said Macsawney, rubbing his hands, as he glanced complacently at his mustering band; "this looks life-like. Mr. Snuffle, call the hands aft!"

The mate hastened to obey.

"My lads," said the captain, addressing his crew, "I need not tell you that the manœuvres of that fellow astern are something more than suspicious; should he turn out to be the craft I doubt he is, a knife at the throat or a walk of the plank is most likely to be our choice. Now, I have no fancy for either alternative, but am determined to fight the ship whilst one plank holds by another. You know my mind, lads, so you that are jolly boys will stand to it like trumps, and you, if there be any such among you, that feel qualmish, away with you to the coal-hole!"

Macsawney's oration was full as forcible as the most impressive harangue of the Roman Cicero; at least, it elicited as warm a response from his complacent auditors, who stood prepared to do his bidding in whatever manner might be required.

"Thankee, thankee, my sons," said the skipper; "now, mind me, if this fellow means mischief, the first thing he'll do will be to order us to heave to. I shall obey; but, mark me, the moment the maintop sail is to the mast—her stun' sails, and man-royal, and sky-sail clue lines—whatever chances, there can be no harm in keeping the ship under easy working command. You understand me, my men? And now, as you value life, have ready ears and willing hands. Stations, lads, stations!"

By the time that these several dispositions had been made, the stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within long-gun shot. We (that is, officers and passengers) were congregated upon the poop-deck, in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to.—This however, did not appear to be part of the unknown's policy: and whilst he was fast drawing ahead, Macsawney, who carried on the duties of his ship as if she floated unquestioned mistress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (*having taken the sun*) to be struck, and invited his passengers to partake their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Bosy reported that the brig, having given



a broad yaw to leeward, shewed Spanish colors at her peak. These were scarcely set, ere they were dipped, in indication that it was their wish to speak to us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and our proximity to the Cape de Verd Islands, the favorite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled. Our doubts and fears were in course of speedy solution,—for the *soi disant* Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of hundred yards. A more exquisite hull it was impossible to look upon,—long, low, and of exceeding beam,—the bow round as an apple, with a cutwater sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figure-head of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself,—her bottom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English nobleman's yacht should be.—The capacity might amount to some three hundred tons. The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taut, tapering, and well set up; the lower masts clean-scraped and bright-varnished, with long heads painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slab reef to make them stand better,—topgallant-sails, foretopmast stay-sail jib, boom mainsail, a thundering ringtail, foretopmast, and foretop gallant studding sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying-jib-boom housed; all his yards were remarkably square, his canvas well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light, airy tracery of his taper masts, with all their mazy lines of superincumbent cordage. As we approximated, we gave our meteor flag to the breeze,—his Spanish ensign still floating at his peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee-beam, he immediately hailed.

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Hallo!" responded Macsawney.

"What ship's that?"

"The Saucy Sally. What brig's that?"

"The Vomito Prieto," was the answer. "Where are you from?"

"The Cape of Good Hope."

"Heave to—heave to! I've intelligence to communicate."

"Ay, ay!" sung out Mac. "Cheerily, my lads, round in the weather main, and topsail braces. Foretop, there! down to gallant stunsail; in with big Ben; clap on the topmast stunsail downballo! That's it—with a will, men. So—o! Man royal and skysail clue lines!"

In a surprisingly short space, the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and top-gallant sails, jib, and spanker, the fore and main course hanging in the brails. The Vomito Prieto was still under sail, although, while our ship was obeying her injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop some short distance astern. Perceiving our maintopsail to the mast, he once more ranged within hailing distance.

"Ship, ahoy! Send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear!"

"Brig, ahoy!" shouted Mac. "No boat of mine leaves this ship. If you have any thing to communicate, send your own boat."

"Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you!"

"Blaze away!" sung out the imperturbable Scotchman. "Down on the deck, lads; you shall pepper him by and by."

A pause ensued; the vessels gradually separated; the Vomito Prieto hove to some sixty yards forward of the Sally's lee beam, and, without further ceremony, exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and marrowbones. At this moment, both vessels had nearly lost steerage way, the wind having fallen dead calm.

"We must be guided by circumstances," said the captain, addressing us; "but in no case must we allow them to obtain a footing upon our decks. Better go to the bottom like men than be flung into it like dogs. He will, no doubt, seek to board, under cover of his long guns. Let him try; but don't, I implore you, throw away a shot until each of you is sure of his man; every one they lose adds to our chance of escape."

The captain was right in his conjecture; for scarcely had he ceased speaking, ere Vomito, apparently satisfied with reconnoitering, launched both her quarter-boats full of men. No sooner had they touched the water, than they sent forth a wild yell, to which, as fitting accompaniment, the roar of their long eighteen opened its deadly throat, happily without any material injury resulting. Emboldened by the non-return of fire, the boats, after brief conference under the Vomito's stern, commenced pulling, making somewhat of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

"Divide yourselves," continued the watchful Mac; "but, above all, be cool—be steady. Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with great delight, "it would be a noble chance; I'll try it, by George: at the worst, it can but fail. Look alive a hand or two; ease off the weather, and haul in the lee, main braces: there's a cat's paw aloft,—the ship already feels it, and there will be more ere long. Jump aft, O'Donoghue, take the wheel, run the pirate alongside: and, d'ye mind me, let every mother's son of you, as he wishes to see kith and kin again, pay the strictest attention to my commands."

Circumstances had, indeed, altered the Scotchman's plans. At the very moment he was endeavoring to give a warm reception to the five-and-twenty or thirty wretches, armed to the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's cutters,—at that very moment a light air swelled the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other tropical flaws, this air was extremely partial, and did not yet extend to the Vomito, which lay a motionless log on the water. Freshening in its course, at length it struck the guilty brig, but too

late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, who was already speeding under its full influence. Two minutes sufficed to lay her alongside, but few more to pour her resistless crew upon the corsair's decks; and whilst the main body battled the astonished ruffians, one or two secured the helm, and got the brig before the wind,—Saucy Sally bearing her faithful company, her passenger riflemen picking off the banditti with surprising accuracy. Discomfited on every hand, the survivors hurried below, leaving their trophy in the Sally's power. The boats, meanwhile, foiled almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more set in strong and steady, and both the Saucy Sally and Vomito were dropping them fast. Their maniac yells rent the air,—the water flashed under the fury of their strokes, and the boats were urged onwards with a strength almost superhuman. At the moment when hope must have been all but dead within them, the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind's eye. Could it be? Had the merchantman failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company, as if to ponder the course proper to be pursued. Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A splash, a stunning report, and an iron shower, sped its fatal flight, dashing the splintered oars from their nerveless grasp,—scattering, with one crash, the dying and the dead, with the shattered skiffs that bore them, in ruined fragments upon the devouring deep! One instant, and the welkin rung with the howl of despairing fiends; another, and nought was heard save the faint and passing struggle of mortal agony—fearful, but just retribution! Their own trusted weapons had been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the mouth of their boasted *Long Tom*, had sped them unannealed to their account.

Let me bring my narrative to a close. What was to be done with the pirate prize and her surviving crew? It was impossible for the Saucy Sally to spare hands to navigate her into port, and as to suffering her escape, it was not to be dreamt of.

"Thieves' law for thieves' claw!" said the captain. "These rascals, even when they do fall into the hands of our cruisers—and sorry am I to say the instances of late are more than rare—too often escape through some curst Old Bailey boggle. Now, as it isn't the luck of every merchantman to catch a pirate, and as I'm a warm advocate of good old practices, why I'll e'en try back to the times of Blackbeard, and other worthies. Therefore, a long rope and a short shrift; the gangway or the foreyard arm!"

I leave those who "sit at home at ease" to decide how far the practice of Macsawney's Jeddart justice is correct. To my thinking, were pirates strung up when and where taken, the seas would be clearer of them, and we story-tellers be deprived of one very attractive theme. In the present instance, to use the cant of some of Cromwell's Roundheads, *Phineas arose and executed judgment*.

The main hatch was opened; a portion of the hold was laid bare; tackle and falls were lashed to the mainstay; the heavy eighteen-pounder was swung aloft; the rope that suspended it was divided; the gun fell, head foremost, crashing through the bottom of the beautiful but evil Vomito Prieto. The water rushed wildly in; the captors withdrew. The corsairs were left to their doom, and ocean speedily and for ever shrouded them and their crimes from the ken of mortal eye.

Saucy Sally encountered no further adventure; but, in due course, dropped her anchor in the bosom of the silver Thames.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## ON DOGS.

ALICK LIDDESDALE'S BRIAN.

Brian was a fine specimen of the old breed—the wiry-haired stag-hound. He was precisely the dog that accompanies some of the portraits of the illustrious Scottish bard, and which, from delightful associations, you cannot behold without a warm feeling at the heart.

The affairs of Alexander Liddesdale having become partially deranged on account of a temporary agricultural distress which generally prevailed in Scotland, induced him to embrace an offer to accompany a party of emigrants to South Africa,—the British government having determined to try the experiment of colonising an unoccupied territory on the eastern extremity of the Cape.

Liddesdale bade adieu to Old Scotland with a heavy heart, and was accompanied by his wife and three children. He had very carefully fitted himself out with all the articles requisite for a settler in the African wilderness; and his noble dog Brian followed the wandering steps of his master.

We shall pass over the sea voyage, and carry the family to their location in a wild country, where the foot of the white man had never been set before—where the ostrich and the quagga graze in company—where the varieties of the antelope tribe are springing by—where the hippopotamus wallows in the reedy river, amusing itself with its unwieldy and colossal gambols, and ever and anon tearing up and munching half a cartload of aquatic plants, but at the report of a rifle will dive timorously to the sedgy bed of the stream, and swim for miles.

And it is along the banks of this river that the Scottish emigrants (part of 5000 sent out by the ministry of 1820) are to establish themselves; and to bring their habits of industry, their knowledge of agriculture, and their rigid and primitive worship of their Creator, into a new land.

The surveyor has marked out the allotments in farms, at about the

distance of three miles from each other. But the families agreed, until their houses could be built, to remain in a cluster in tents, for mutual security.

We will now suppose three years to have passed in industry, but with great privation. But then the perseverance so generally marked in the Scottish character has enabled Alick Liddesdale, aided by some hired Hottentot servants, to have laid a considerable part of his farm under culture, to have erected a commodious African-cottage it must not be called—but is a more appropriate term. A rude timber dwelling, thatched with reeds, almost in the shape of a beehive, plastered within with mud, and colored with pipe-clay; a sleeping chamber partitioned off. A hardened floor constructed with the earth of forsaken ant-hills, and the luxury of a bedside carpet was supplied by the dried skin of an enormous lion.

The kitchen was in a distinct building; it was of the same form as the hut, with the fireplace in the centre, the smoke escaping through a hole in the thatch. And Liddesdale looked on his premises and possessions, and fancied himself a Robinson Crusoe with a wife and family.—He had his oxen, horses, sheep, and poultry. His garden cost him incredible labor; but it was virgin land, and became abundantly prolific with the seeds he had brought from his native country, besides those he had purchased at Cape Town. He had selected the site of his cabin amidst clumps of evergreens, willows, and the thorny acacia. A natural rill had wound itself from the river, and with clear trickling over a pebbly bottom, nearly surrounded the location; and in this some domesticated African ducks were diving their heads, whilst paddling their webbed feet in the air, as others were flapping the wings, and making the welkin resound with their quacking.

All this were the aspect of peace and happiness; but there was a latent thought that ever pervaded the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Liddesdale,—they were exiles!

They both loved Scotland enthusiastically.

"On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,  
Thou dear green valley of my native stream!  
Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,  
And every nook of thine is fairy land."

BLOOMFIELD.

But there was a source of continual alarm and annoyance at all the farms, the number of ferocious animals that surrounded and abounded in this wilderness. The lordly lion, when pressed by hunger, would prowl around the locations, and seek the nightly opportunity to seize on its favorite prey—the horse of the colonist. But when he paid these visits, he was considered a guest of too much importance not to neglect to return the compliment of a call; for when a beast of burden had been killed or injured, and the traces of the huge paw in the sand or earth imprinted (*a cat's footprint in the snow* viewed with a microscope), the clans were summoned with rifles and dogs; and the McLeods, the Gordons, the Drummonds, the Rennies, the Lennox's, and the Liddesdales, were in pursuit, and never rested until their powerful enemy was destroyed. The preservation of their property, even of their lives, so excited the emigrants, that they at length thinned, or tired out the lions; in fact, they were the sort of "lions" that were quite unacceptable at their evening parties. Brian was always on these occasions an invited guest, and ever evinced proofs of signal courage, although he had not the strength to compete alone with *Leo-Africanus*; nor was it to be discovered that Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Gordon, the three Misses Drummond, nor the females of the Liddesdale family, were quite so delighted with a lion-hunt as their male relatives, who all had constituted themselves perfect Van Amburghs.

But the lion was an open and daring foe—a noble fellow; and the Caledonia settlers always esteemed him as a high-spirited animal with a gentlemanly feeling about him, and accordingly shot him whenever they could come in conflict.

But they had to compete with a much more disagreeable enemy—an animal that prowled about the kraals (the folds, the fences for the cattle); one of a species that was numberless; and if with common civility and respectful behavior to the new settlers, he had left his card at their doors, this would have been his name and address:—

THE SPOTTED HYENA,  
*any where and every where.*"

And if you would have been desirous of ascertaining the motives for his polite calls, it might be answered by "INQUIRE WITHIN," for his appetite was enormous, and he was always ravenous.

The celebrated travellers Le Valiant, Sparmann, and Steedman, have given ample testimony to the ferocity and rapacity of this animal; and that though it commits great ravages on the calves and sheep, yet it has a most decided preference to human flesh, and particularly to that of children! Scars and marks on various parts of the bodies of the Caffres testify to the traveller how dangerous a foe the natives have in the spotted hyena. The colonists give it the name of the tiger-wolf,—a pretty conjunction; and the power of this beast's jaws (according to Dr. Buckland) far exceeded any animal force of the kind he ever saw exerted, and reminded him of the scissors with which they cut off bars of iron and copper in the metal founderies.

And not only was a constant cautionary look-out to be kept as a defence for the living against hyenas, but it was absolutely necessary to protect the graves from the attacks of these rapacious brutes.

Liddesdale and his adventurous countrymen contrived traps for them, but with very moderate success, for the beast was usually too wily for them.

The hyena, unless violently oppressed by hunger, concealed itself in impenetrable covers by day; but at nightfall it was actively abroad, voracious and destructive, not only devouring such animals as it chanced to find dead, but wounding and maiming the oxen and horses, scaling and breaking into the pens, and carrying off the calves and sheep.

Liddesdale found it necessary to build a strong, close, high fence, around his own cabin; into which, as evening approached, the cattle were driven for security. At a little distance were the huts of the Hottentot, one of whom was supposed to be on the watch. Within the staked inclosure Brian took his position for the night; and with implicit dependence on his faithful dog, Liddesdale would rest tranquilly.

We will picture to ourselves the interior of the cabin. The sleeping-room was divided across by a curtain of ox-hides, behind which was a bedstead constructed by Liddesdale himself, with the poles of the wild olive-tree; and the support of the mattress consisted of a strong elastic net-work of thongs of the quagga's skin. A sofa on the other side of the dividing curtain formed a sleeping-place for the two daughters of Liddesdale, of ten and eight years of age, fair-haired creatures, but daily increasing in health, strength, and beauty. In a corner was a nondescript sort of bedstead or crib, formed out of a packing case, in which slumbered the little Alick—a handsome, sturdy urchin, between six and seven.

It had been a day of intense heat, and heavy and indispensable toil to all on the farm; consequently, the Hottentot laborer, whose duty it was to have watched, gazed at the stars as long as he could keep his eyes open, then suddenly and powerlessly fell asleep.

The previous night some wild animal, conjectured to have been the spotted hyena, had killed three calves in the kraal of Mr. Rennie, about eight miles distant from the location of Liddesdale. As this was an aggression that the high-spirited Scotch gentleman could not afford to have repeated often, he summoned his neighbors, the McLeods, to his assistance; and with rifles, cutlasses, and pistols, and all the dogs they could muster, they beat the covers around, killing four hyenas, besides dislodging several others, who escaped. A variety of game was destroyed; consisting of the gemabok and the hartebeest, with other specimens of the antelope tribe, forming a fine day's sport. But the dislodged hyenas fled down the banks of the river, and at night ventured on the farm of Liddesdale, gaunt and hungry.

The first brute that made its way, creeping stealthily towards the inclosure, came upon the sleeping Hottentot; and instantly placing its ponderous jaws over the poor herdsman's throat, snapped his destructive teeth, and tore out the sufferer's windpipe. The African could utter but one dismal yell. Brian started up, barked violently, awaking Liddesdale, who, jumping from his bed, seized his rifle, stepped forth, followed by the stage-hound, to discover what had happened. The dog rushed forward, baying and menacing; and Liddesdale could only see by the glimmering light of the stars, something receding from him. It was the body of the Hottentot being dragged along by a fierce and strong hyena, that never once let loose the hold he had at the throat.—Brian had rushed into a thicket, and made an attack on the brute. Liddesdale hesitated to fire, being apprehensive that he should shoot the man or his own dog. On a sudden all rolled down the edge of a steep bank together. Liddesdale followed, the hyena fled before Brian; and Liddesdale examining the poor herdsman's wound, found it to be mortal, for he had been suffocated with his own blood. Brian returned; it seemed like an extraordinary instinct, and an intervention of Providence; for at the same moment the cattle in the inclosure were lowing dismally, and the heart-piercing shrieks of Mrs. Liddesdale floated in the night air. The dog flew to the inclosure. The bold heart of Liddesdale quailed. He sprang over the fence, and there beheld an appalling sight indeed.

A large, spotted hyena had dragged the boy Alick from his bed, and was inflicting grievous wounds on his flesh; but at the next moment the hyena uttered a dismal howl; and Liddesdale saw Brian snap upon the beast and drag it backwards from the poor child, giving the ferocious brute a powerful gripe, which made the stag-hound's teeth meet at the vertebrae of the neck, and there he held his antagonist fast. The first effort of Liddesdale was to raise his shrieking boy, and gently again to place him on his bed. He then rushed with a sabre on the hyena, who was struggling with mighty efforts, and rolling over and over with Brian, who, however, never relinquished his hold, notwithstanding being torn every moment with the sharp claws of the hyena. Liddesdale observing this, disabled the murderous beast by a cut across each joint of the leg-bone, and at length succeeded in plunging the sabre into the heart of the hyena, when the crimson blood rushed along the floor of the cabin.

Mrs. Liddesdale, though a courageous woman, fainted; and the two terrified girls had ventured to the assistance of their mother, trembling with the utmost apprehension, for they had witnessed the whole scene.

When Liddesdale first quitted the hut, this hyena having cunningly watched his departure, scrambled up over the fence. There was tempting prey for him with the calves; but no, the propensity to devour human flesh predominated; and the beast crept silently into the hut, crawled with its belly on the floor, until it arrived at the sleeping-place of the young Alick, and lifted the boy in such a gentle and cautious manner, that both mother and sisters, although they were awakened, were unconscious of that which had happened, until the shrieks of the beloved boy proclaimed his horrible situation. Oh, God! what were their feelings?

The Hottentot servants were now alarmed, for the whole event was over in about the time we have been occupied in relating it. The huge



guns, (or *rovers*, as they are called by the African boors), were brought forth, and all went in pursuit, Liddesdale excepted, who had now to perform the office of a surgeon on his poor child. The wounds, though ghastly, were not dangerous; but had it not been for the bold and timely aid of Brian, young Alick must have fallen a miserable victim. By great care he recovered, though much scarred on the breast and shoulders.

The Hottentots brought in the body of their comrade, and shot two more of these blood-thirsty devils.

It is now nineteen years since this event happened; since which, with the increase of population, the hyena have been considerably dispersed, and their numbers thinned. They still prey on the calves and sheep, when they are not well watched. But in a letter we two months since received from Africa, we learn that the colony of which we speak has thriven wonderfully; and that Alick Liddesdale the younger, when occasion requires, is the foremost and boldest hunter of all the powerful beasts of prey, to which he had been particularly incited by the love he had reason to bear to the spotted hyena. But, alas! for the noble and faithful Brian; gradual age overtook him; he expired amidst the tears of the family he had for many years guarded; and was put into an honorable grave in the garden, where his memory is still fondly cherished.

From the Democratic Review for February.

## THE IRISH GIRL.

BY MISS SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," &c.

"My peace is gone;  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall find it never,  
And never more."

"Now sit down, Margaret, child, and rest you—here by my bed-side. How comfortable my bed feels!—it always has the right lay when you fix it, Margaret. Come, sit down—the work is all done up, and done as well as I could do it myself—even the outside of the tea-kettle is as clean as a china-cup. It's a mystery to me, Margaret, how you learned such tidy ways in a shanty."

"It's not always that I have lived in a shanty, Mrs. Ray."

"Don't turn your back to me, Margaret—draw your chair closer to my bed. I want to have a little talk with you, Margaret. I feel myself going down-hill, and I don't know how long I may be spared."

"God forbid you should be taken, Mrs. Ray, dear—you that are so good to them that's near and them that's far off."

"You must not flatter me, Margaret," said the old woman, in a tone of voice that indicated anything but displeasure.

"And do you think I'd be after flattering you, Mrs. Ray—you that are mother-like to me. God knows you are kind, and it's James says the same; and you know yourself James, God forgive him, loves no Yankee besides you in the world."

"But I mistrust, Margaret," said the old lady, fixing her faded gray eye on the young creature, "I mistrust James's sister can't say the same." Margaret's cheek, ordinarily pale, turned to a deep crimson.—The old lady cleared her voice and continued. "It's no crime, nor nothing like it, Margaret, to love what's good—hem—if what's good is what's suitable." This seemed a mere common-placeism, but Margaret's cheek turned pale again, and a tear trickled over it. "You say you have not always lived in a shanty, Margaret, and that's what I have said to our people. Says I to sister Maxwell, 'Margaret has had as good opportunities as the most of our mountain girls;' says I, 'she can read handsomely—there's few can read like her,' says I—'I wish the minister could read so,' says I—her reading sinks right down into the heart."

"Who is *flattering* now, Mrs. Ray, dear?"

"Not I, Margaret—'tis not our way to flatter."

"Nor ours. God knows, Mrs. Ray, it's what we feel we speak, be it good or bad."

"Well, well, Margaret, I know some does call real kind hearted words flattery, but they are no such thing, I know—we won't talk about that now. As I was saying, judging from your reading and writing, you have seen better days—haven't you, Margaret?"

"Some days they were better, and other days not. I had an aunt was housekeeper at Lady Kavenagh's—and my lady respected my aunt, and she would have me to come and live with her in the house-keeper's room. And Miss Grace took a fancy to me, and taught me to read and write, and so forth."

"Then, after all," said Mrs. Ray, with manifest disappointment, "your parents have always lived in a shanty?"

"They lived in what we call a cabin, ma'am—thank God."

"Margaret, you forget—I've often told you it's not right to use the name of God in vain as you do. You should not say 'thank God,' when you mean nothing by it."

"Indeed, Mrs. Ray, dear, and I do mean something. I never think of my home in that cabin without thanking God in my heart, and God forgive me if I don't thank him with my lips too. That cabin was my home, Mrs. Ray—there was a kind father and the kindest of mothers always working and earning for us. There it was my little sister—God bless her—died; there was James, my mate, always glad to see

me and sorry to part with me; there was never a harsh word among us—we laughed and we cried together—what one loved, the other loved, and what one hated, all hated—hadn't we what's best in castle and palace, and not always found there? I've often thought, wouldn't my lady Kavenagh gladly change with my mother, and rough it with loving hearts and happy faces?"

"Oh, I dare say, Margaret, ladies in the old countries have it hard enough, as every one knows who reads the newspapers—but that is nothing to the purpose. What I want to come at, Margaret, is, would you—*could* you be content to live in a cabin again?—you would hold your head above it—wouldn't you?"

Margaret's form dilated as she impulsively rose from her seat, and raising and clasping her hands appealingly exclaimed: "God strike me dead then if I would!—it was in a cabin that my father and mother that's gone lived—it was in a cabin that James and I grew up together with one heart between us. Oh, Mrs. Ray, dear, God forgive you—it's such a long time ago, I think you have forgotten what a happy thing it is to be a child at home, in your own father's place—be it castle or cabin, it's all the same."

"Don't be affronted, child, and don't cry," said kind Mrs. Ray, wiping her eyes, and somewhat overpowered by Margaret's vehemence; "your feelings are natural, and quite right, but there is no need of such a hurricane. I am sure my sons and daughters love me and are dutiful to me, but it's in a quiet regular way."

"And that's the way of your people, Mrs. Ray, dear, but our feelings come in a storm, and you may as easy keep the winds that come howling over your Becket hills quiet, as keep them still—but it's not always we are feeling, and God forgive me if I have said any thing to fret you—you that are so kind to me."

"It's a satisfaction to be kind to you, Margaret, and I don't like to leave my work half done—so sit down again. I'll be candid with you, Margaret, and you must be candid with me, and open your heart to me as if I were your own mother."

"Ah, Mrs. Ray, dear!" Margaret kissed the old lady.

"I am going to use freedom, child—who gave you that blue guard-chain that you wear round your neck day and night?"

"Sure it was William Maxwell, then," replied Margaret, in a voice scarce above her breath. Margaret was learning that some of our feelings, and those of the strongest too, are stillest.

"And what have you hanging by it, Margaret?"

Margaret answered by drawing out a small crucifix appended to the guard-chain, kissing it, and crossing herself, "O, Margaret, Margaret! that's to be a cross to you indeed, I fear—I must tell you the truth, there is nothing William Maxwell's parents have such a horror of as a Catholic, and there is nothing his father despises like an Irish person."

"But it's not William Maxwell that's after fearing the one, or despising the other," said Margaret.

"No, that's true. William is not a serious young man, and he's thought little about religion yet, one way or the other; but when he comes to consider, Margaret, he will feel, as we all do, that it's a dreadful thing to be a Catholic, and pray to saints, and worship images, and so forth. And besides, I know William better than you do, Margaret—I've known him from his cradle—he's my own sister's son, and I love him, and he's a pretty young man, but William has not resolution to go against his parent's will, be it right or wrong. Take care, child, you've dropped your stitches—now, Margaret, child, hear me patiently—consider, to-day is not for ever, and them that's young and soft like you, if their feelings are cast in one mould, they can be cast over in another."

"Will ye speak right out what you are after saying to me, Mrs. Ray, dear?"

"Be patient, child—slow and sure, you know. We can't have everything just right in this world, Margaret—when one door is opened, another is shut—young folks must be conformable." Margaret sighed with irrepressible impatience, and Mrs. Ray proceeded more directly:—

"It's my opinion, Margaret, that William can nowhere find a likelier girl than you are. You have just the disposition to please sister Maxwell, and Providence somehow seems to have set you down here, making the place for you, and you for the place, as it were—and somehow you have taken an unaccountable hold of my heart, and I can't blame William; and so I was thinking, Margaret, as the rail-road is almost done, the shanties will soon be broke up, and James will have to look for work elsewhere; you'll have a good chance, as it were, to break up your connexions with all these people, and after a little while you will be no more an Irish girl than Belinda Anne Tracy." Margaret's face was turned quite away, or probably Mrs. Ray would not have proceeded—"and then as to your beads, your crucifix, your confessions, &c., the sooner you give them all up, the better, child, for soul and body too!"

"Say no more, Mrs. Ray; God forsake me if I forsake Him, and deny my parents and my people, and cast off James—heart of my heart!—better for my soul, say ye? and what would be left of my soul, if all faith and love to God and man were out of it?—Oh, Mrs. Ray, I would not have thought it of you!" The poor girl wept as if her heart were broken. Mrs. Ray tried in vain to soothe her. She no more argued or persuaded; she was ashamed that she had done either. Her strong innate sense of right triumphed over the prejudices of education and society; and having begun with proposing to her young friend to abjure her faith, and forsake her people, she ended with respecting the loyalty that kept her true to both.

Little need be said in explanation of the relations and history of the parties introduced to our readers. Margaret O'Brien had belonged to

one of those encampments of Irish that are found along the lines of our rail-roads, while those great works are constructing by those people who, driven forth from their own land by misery and multiplied oppressions, come here to do our roughest work, and share our bread and freedom. Their shanties, built for transient use, are constructed with least possible expense and labor; and though perhaps adequate to their ideas of comfort, are a sad contrast to the humblest homes of our own people. There is little found in them besides strong, healthy bodies and warm hearts—the best elements of happiness in any home.

Would it not be well for our people to consider more maturely than they have yet done, the designs of Providence in sending these swarms of Irish people among us? Is it not possible that their vehement feelings, ardent affections, and illimitable generosity might mingle with our colder, and (we say it regretfully) more selfish natures, to the advantage of both? And at any rate, by losing the opportunity of promoting their happiness, of binding them to us by the blessed links of humanity, are we not doing a wrong to our own souls? Can good be effected to them or to ourselves by contemning their nation, and deriding their religion?

Margaret's father lost his life while working on the Western Railroad by the blasting of a rock. Margaret's mother was ill at the time—the shock of seeing his mangled body brought home without warning occasioned, as was believed, her death. The report of the melancholy fate of these people spread through the neighborhood, and Mrs. Ray, impelled by her Christian heart, went to look after the orphan girl. She was struck with the loveliness of her countenance, her sweet manners, and the superior decency of her habitation. "Why," said she afterward to the Maxwells, who expressed their surprise that she should take a girl from the shanties into her family—"it wasn't like a shanty! They were not all herded together like cattle, as they commonly are, but the place was parted off into three rooms—there were bedsteads—rough, to be sure—and there were clean sheets and decent spreads; and they had some chairs; and Margaret a little table with a drawer, all made by her brother, and a work-basket, and everything tidy on it, and a picture hanging over it!"

"A picture! some saint, I dare say," interrupted Maxwell, his lip curling.

"It might be, for aught I know," replied Mrs. Ray, meekly, "but I should not think any one need to be the worse for a saint—the picture of one, I mean, hanging up before them. I assure you, brother Maxwell, everything had a becoming appearance—there was considerable earthen-ware and silver tea-spoons, and it was evident they had lived like folks—and as to the poor orphan girl, she is as neat as the neatest of our Becket girls—Belinda Anne don't exceed her—and she is so pretty spoken and pretty looking—and as I wanted help that would be company too, I was glad to get her; and her brother having to go to work on the next section, was glad to leave her in a suitable place for one so young and comely. I hope you don't think I did wrong, brother Maxwell," concluded Mrs. Ray, who, though very apt to do right from her own impulses, was rather weakly nervous as to the judgment of others.

"You are an independent woman, and must judge for yourself, Mrs. Ray. Everybody knows 'tis my principle to keep clear of the Paddies. I neither eat nor drink with them, and I go not in nor out among them."

"But you sell to them," said Mrs. Ray, with a smile that faintly indicated what she did not say, and what she retained because she was a woman of peace, and rarely struck a discordant note. The complaints she had heard from these poor strangers and wayfarers in the land, of the exorbitant prices demanded by "brother Maxwell," for his pork and potatoes, were fermenting in her mind.

"Yes, I sell to them—I take care of number one. As the Bible says, he that don't provide for his own household is worse than an infidel."

"I take that passage in another sense, brother Maxwell; I provide for my family by buying of them—I buy Margaret's services, and she throws in her love, and I would not change *bargains* with you."

"And I should not be afraid to show books with you, widow Ray," retorted the sordid man.

"I don't keep any books," replied Mrs. Ray; "her accounts are nevertheless set down, and will probably show fairest at last!"

Maxwell is one of those who bring dishonor on the good name of his people. His industry runs into anxious toil, his enterprise into avarice, his economy into miserliness, his sagacity into cunning, his self-preserving instincts into selfishness. Having one of the largest farms in Becket, his ruling passion is to make it larger. Enjoying and imparting never enter into his calculations; and, as was said of a far loftier person, "he had not so much joy in what he had, as trouble and agony for what he had not." His only son and heir, William, though resembling his father, had an infusion of his mother's more generous disposition—a sprinkling of her more attractive qualities. How the proportions were balanced, and which preponderated, will be seen by his conduct.

Margaret O'Brien was much less hopeful than most young people.—Early changes and sorrows had superinduced a reflectiveness and sadness on the natural vehemence and cheerfulness of her character. Life seemed to her a dark and tangled path, and she shrunk from pursuing it. She had not yet learned that there is an inner light, which always shines on the patient soul. She was silent and abstracted all the day after her conversation with Mrs. Ray. She performed her usual domestic duties negligently. "I saw plainly," Mrs. Ray afterward said, "that the poor girl's heart was not in them; but then, sister Maxwell, I was

only thinking how pretty she looked, and what a blessing she would be to the man—he who he would—that should marry her. Well, we are short-sighted creatures."

As the day declined, Margaret became more restless. She was continually going to the door, and looking up the road. "Who are you expecting?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"It's James I am looking for—he promised he would be down some day this week. Margaret blushed deeply, conscious that, though telling the truth, it was not the whole truth. No James came. No approaching footstep, hoof, or wheel, broke the dismal silence that surrounded the widow's dwelling. Margaret became more and more unquiet, and at last said she would go and meet James; "that would shorten the time; and if I am not at home at tea-time, don't wait for me Mrs. Ray, dear; it is not very far to the shanties, and if I should be late home, there is a bright moon to-night."

Margaret was already on the threshold. Mrs. Ray called her back. "My child," she said, "don't stay out late—you know I am of an anxious make, and easily startled, and you are not looking yourself, Margaret, since our talk this morning; and I'm not superstitious, and don't really believe in such things, but there has been one of the neighbor's dogs howling unaccountably lately; and last evening I fully meant to put on my purple shawl, and when I came to take it off, it was my black one, trimmed with crape! I don't believe in signs, but they make one feel—and if any evil were to happen to you, Margaret, I should feel just as wounded as if it were one of my own daughters."

"God—the God of the fatherless—bless you, Mrs. Ray, dear, and keep all trouble far from your door." Margaret kissed her old friend, and promised to return as early as possible, and that promise Mrs. Ray afterward said was a great comfort to her, for she was sure "she meant to keep it." Margaret walked hastily up the road, and took a horse-path that, passing through a wood, led by a cross-cut to the railroad.

Winter comes on prematurely in Becket, a high, cold, mountain town. Though it was yet October, the glow and almost metallic brightness of our autumn foliage had passed away. The leaves, the summer's wealth, lay in piles on the ground, or hung in sadly thinned companies rustling on the branches; leaden clouds were driving over the sky, and snow falling in scattered flakes.

Margaret's way lay along a leaping and gushing mountain-stream, which, to the ear of the happy, called up images of courage and joy, but to Margaret it may have sounded mournful and ominous. *May, we say,* but there is reason to think that the poor girl was deaf to the sympathies of nature, that her mind was possessed with one idea, and that it mattered not to her whether the voices of nature were cheering or sad.—She did not even pause at "Hardy's rock," though that had been her "trysting tree." This was a rock easy of access from the road, but precipitous toward the stream, with a broad flat summit. The stream below it was dammed, partly by a natural accumulation of brush and stones brought from above, and partly by art, and it set back in a deep basin. The stream, swollen to a torrent by late rains, had overflowed the margin of the basin, and covered the little strip of level ground around it to the very edge of a steep cliff, whose pines and furs were darkly reflected in it. But a few weeks before Margaret had sat on this rock with William Maxwell, and, while she listened to him, had woven a wreath for her bonnet of the asters and golden-rod that were now withered like her hopes.

Below the dam was a saw-mill belonging to William, and he often came down to it toward evening to see what work had been accomplished during the day. It was nearly two weeks since Margaret had seen him, and in that interval she had heard that, in rustic phrase, he was "paying attention" to a young girl, who, by the recent death of her father, had become sole proprietor of a farm adjoining Maxwell's, and was heiress to herds, pasture-land, and much rural wealth. This young person was the Belinda Anne Tracy, of whom Mrs. Ray had spoken in the morning to Margaret with more meaning than met the ear. Uncertainty was intolerable to Margaret's impatient Irish nature, and "It will now be ended!" she exclaimed, as, listening intently, she heard the tramp of William Maxwell's horse long before she saw him. She was hidden by a projecting point of the rock, and he did not perceive her till he was arrested by her voice, not in a loud, but thrilling tone, pronouncing his name. "Margret! is it you? I did not think of meeting you, but I was going this evening to see you."

Margaret raised her eyes to his, and a gleam of pleasure shot through them, but they were quickly cast down again, and her lips trembled as she said: "There's many a lonesome evening come and gone since I have seen you, William Maxwell."

"That's true, Margaret—and it is true, too, that a man may be in one place, and his heart in another."

"Where was your heart then, William, when you was after going down to Westfield with Belinda Anne Tracy?"

"With you, Margaret, and with none but you, and that's as true as that I stand here on this solid ground—but one can't—that is—I mean"—

Margaret, with hurried and trembling hands, untied the guard-chain by which her crucifix was suspended, and kissing it, and then holding it up, she said, "I have sworn on this that I would know your true mind, William Maxwell, and if you respect yourself—if ever you respected me—if you respect this sign, of what is best and holiest—if you respect Him that's above, then tell it to me."

Maxwell felt the solemnity of the adjuration, and dared not evade it; and it may be that he was glad to be forced, by a superior will, to make



a communication for which he had been in vain trying to summon resolution for the last two weeks.

"Margaret," he began, in a faltering voice, "it is true, as I have told you many times, I do love you as I never did, nor ever shall love another. I never spoke a false word to you—you are my first love, and you will be my last—but—there are others to consult—I am not free to follow my own wishes—the truth is, Margaret, my father has feelings about your people, and he never will give them up. He took a solemn oath before me and my mother. 'I swear,' he said, 'I'll cast you off for ever, if you marry one of the Paddy folks!'—my mother, you know, is sickly, and I am her only child, and if it went to this, it would break her heart, and so she told me—and, Margaret, if I can't marry you, I don't care who I marry—and so, this being the true state of the case, and no help for it that I can see, I have made as—as good as an engagement with Belinda Anne Tracy."

Margaret kept her eye steadily fixed on him till he had finished. She then drew the guard-chain from the crucifix, threw it away, and pressing the crucifix to her bosom, turned off without speaking a word. William followed her. "Margaret, Margaret," he said, "do let us part friends—you cannot be more sorry than I am—only say you forgive me!" But he spoke in vain; Margaret made no reply, except by motioning to him to leave her; and perhaps glad to escape from the piercing rebuke of that sweet countenance—more in sorrow than in anger—he mounted his horse and rode away; bearing with him—to be for ever borne—the conviction that the heaviest visitation of his father's anger would have been light, in comparison with the sense of a violated faith to this loving, true-hearted orphan-stranger.

Maxwell had but just disappeared, when Margaret met her brother James. "Is it you, Margaret?" he said: "God's blessing on you, then! but what are you fretting at?"

"I'm not fretting, James, dear."

"Now, Margaret, what's the use of telling me that, when you don't so much as lift your eye to me, and your cheek is as white as that bit of muslin round your neck? Is it Mrs. Ray that's been after chiding you?"

"Mrs. Ray! No, no, James; she's every way like our own mother to me."

"Margaret, my sister, my child—for you've neither father nor mother but me—I never yet spake his name to you; if it's William Maxwell that frets you—if it's true, as the boys say, that he's false to you, I'll break every bone in his body."

"James! you'll break my heart speaking so. Oh, James, dear, keep God's peace, I pray you; it's you only in the world I love now. It's a black world. Good night, James. You are far from your place, and you have been hard at work; don't go further with me."

"I would not leave you, Margaret, dear, a step short of Mrs. Ray's, but I have promised Mr. John Richards to meet him above the bridge there. I'll come down to-morrow, and remember, Margaret, we two are alone in the world; and for my sake, and for the sake of them that's in their graves, keep up a brave heart. Good night."—"She did not answer me," thought James. He stopped and looked after her till she was hidden from him by a turn in the road: "God's heaviest curse will surely fall on him if he's broke her heart, and she so young, and innocent, and beautiful to look upon!" Such blistering thoughts were in James's mind till he joined Mr. Richards.

In the mean time Margaret retraced her steps along the margin of the stream till she reached again Hardy's rock. The heavy clouds had rolled down over the setting sun, and left the eastern sky, where the full moon was rising, cloudless. The moonbeams glanced athwart the firs, silvering their branches, and fell on the summit of the rock: the water under it was still in deep shadow. It was on this rock that, two months before, the moon shining as it now shone, but then on summer beauty, and poor Margaret,

"With hinned hopes around her heart,  
Like simmer blossoms."

that, returning from a fair at Pittsfield, she had plighted faith with William Maxwell. Again she felt herself drawn to that spot—probably without any ill design—with only an intolerable sense of disappointment and misery. The scene brought back with intense vividness her past happiness. What it is to remember that under the pressure of present wretchedness, most have felt, and one has described in words never to be forgotten:

"Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria."

James met Mr. Richards at the appointed place. After a few moments he said: "James, you are thinking of one thing and talking of another. What is the matter?"

James confessed he was anxious about his sister—that she seemed very unhappy—and he was sorry he had left her to go home alone. Mr. Richards is a young engineer of most kind and active sympathies. James had worked under him on the rail-road, and he particularly liked him. He at once entered into the good brother's feelings. "Let us walk down the road, James," he said: "you can easily overtake your sister, and we can as well talk over our business walking as standing here." Accordingly they proceeded. When they reached the little bridge we have mentioned, Mr. Richards involuntarily paused and looked down the stream, which here and there seemed playing with the moonbeams. "Why, there is your sister, James," he said, "sitting on Hardy's rock."

"The Lord bless her, and so she is!" said James.

The words were scarcely out of his lips when Margaret slid down the steep side of the rock into the pool beneath. James uttered a wild scream, and both young men ran down the road together at their utmost speed. The place was soonest accessible by the road, but that was winding, and the distance was full an eighth of a mile. When they reached the spot, a white muslin scarf Margaret had worn, was floating on the water. Both jumped in. James, impelled by the instinct of his affection, forgot he could not swim, and Richards, to his dismay, saw him sinking. He dragged him out, bade him remain quiet, and plunging in again, he very soon brought up Margaret's body. But the time had been fatally prolonged by poor James, and every effort to restore her was unavailing. A company of Irishmen coming from their work below joined them. They entered into the scene with hand, heart, and tongue. "Ha!" said one of them, "it was Judy yesterday was aither saying, 'He'll never marry Margaret'—maning William Maxwell. It's that Thracy girl, with houses and lands, he's aither. Curse the Yankees, there's no sowl in them!"

"It's not William Maxwell at all," said another, "he's a dacent young man; it's his father's rule upon him!" Richards bade them all be silent, saying it was no time now for such a discussion. "Sure that's reasonable," said one—"And sure I did not mane you at all, Mr. Richards," said the man of the sweeping anathema, "for it's an Irish heart you have, any way, and that's what all the boys say."

James seemed to hear nothing. He was rubbing and kissing, alternately, one of Margaret's hands that was firmly closed, and he at last succeeded in taking from it the crucifix which it firmly grasped. Just at this moment a man had alighted from a wagon, and was looking on. "The Almighty be praised!" cried James, pressing the disengaged crucifix vehemently to his lips. Margaret having died with it in her hand was to him a token of infinite good.

The looker-on, at this action of James turned to his companion in the wagon, saying—"It's only a Paddy girl,"\* got in, and drove on. The Irishmen, who till then had been too much absorbed to notice him, looked up, and perceiving it was the elder Maxwell, they uttered curses deep and loud, and threatening summary vengeance, they were following when James interposed. "No, no," he said, with fearful calmness—"lave him to me, boys—when her wake is over will be time enough." Richards saw him turn away, murmur something in a low voice, lay the crucifix on Margaret's hand, and kiss them both together.

Margaret was carried to the dwelling of an Irish friend: a priest was brought, and the ceremonies of their religion were strictly observed.

Immediately after the funeral, Mr. Richards, who had scarcely lost sight of James, took him aside—poor fellow, he looked as if he had lived twenty years in the three preceding days. James, he said, "tell me truly, did you not make a vow to revenge your sister's death?"

"Sure I did that, sir—on her crucifix, and on the poor dead cold hand that held it. God forgive me—but could I help it? There she lay—dead!—dead!—the sweetest flower that ever blossomed trampled under their feet—when I heard the very man that had done it say, 'it's only a Paddy girl!' Oh, Mr. Richards, my heart's blood boiled, and my father and my mother it was, and all my people—I heard crying me on to vengeance—and I did swear to take their lives—father and son; and I have made confession of the same to Father Brady."

"And that has saved you from this horrid crime, James?"

"Not that, sir."

"What then?"

"It's just yourself, Mr. Richards—you and Mrs. Ray. It was just your goodness to me that stilled the howling tempest in my breast—and for your sake, and Mrs. Ray's, I forgave all your people. It was Margaret said—they were almost her last words, 'Mrs. Ray is every way mother-like to me; and didn't I see the old lady after crying hot tears over her? Sure, Mr. Richards, if there were more like you, and the old lady—God bless her—there would be an end of cruelty and hate, and love would bind all hearts together—even your people's and mine!'"

\* This expression was in fact uttered by one of our people, and heard by the brother of the girl at such a moment as we have described.

### EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE AND FEMALE HEROISM.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Bayonne, Dec. 3.

There is one of the refugees who has at last succeeded in reaching the French territory, the history of whose escape is of a romantic nature, and well illustrates the superiority of female courage and resolution in the hour of danger.

The name of the individual alluded to is D. Eulogio Barbero Quintero. His family having been known to the President of the provisional government named by the insurgents in the city of Vitoria, he was appointed secretary to the junta formed for the purpose of arming and defending the province of Alava, and was employed by Montes de Oca in drawing up reports and other documents connected with the intended defence of the city against the troops of the government, but more particularly against those of Martin Zurbano. Quintero is a young man, about 25 years old, is possessed of much intelligence, and has received a good education. In his person he is under the middle size, slight and gracefully made; but his features are expressive of intellect, and of much determination. After the resolution come to by the junta not to defend the

city against the approaching army of Rodil, Quintero saw that all was over; yet he was still unwilling to fly; and it was not until he beheld the total change which had come over the minds of the population, and until he heard a price set on the head of the unfortunate Montes de Oca, that he felt it would be the act of a madman to await the fate which he knew would be reserved for all who had distinguished themselves so much in the insurrection as he had done. It was not, however, until after the departure of his chief from Vittoria, that Quintero made an effort to escape. He set out from Vittoria by night, and gained the mountains of Guipuscoa, in the direction of Salinas. His intention was to have passed along the chain which separates Guipuscoa from Navarre, called the Sierra de Aralur, to have crept on towards Goyzueta, thence to Vera, Urdax, and finally into the French territory.

After many difficulties, he succeeded in arriving as far as Goyzueta. It was a few days after the death of Munagorri, and the terrible chapelgory, Elorrio, was hovering about these passes. Quintero was ignorant of the incident which had taken place in the neighbourhood a short time before, and which terminated in the death of the fugitive leader. Leaving Goyzueta at daybreak, he was discovered by one of the chapelgories, and delivered up to the chief. Prayers and entreaties were of no avail, nor yet bribes; for who ever heard that Elorrio was turned aside from his purpose by supplications or by money? He was led to St. Sebastian, lodged in the citadel, and in a few days conducted back to Vittoria; and there he remained in hopeless captivity until the night of the 21st of November. His cause had been already formed, and his trial was to come on on the 24th, before the military commission. Not having been a military insurgent, and not having taken a prominent part as chief or leader in the rebellion, he at first thought that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted on him. But in this hope he was deceiving himself; he was informed that there was but little chance of escape for an individual who had held such close relation with the chief of the rebels.

Quintero had been married about a year previously to a young lady named Juana de Areitio, a native of Eybar, in the province of Guipuscoa, who has not as yet completed her 21st year. She was one of those heroic young women who, in 1834, when her native town was attacked by Zabala, in the commencement of the civil war, assisted the Christino troops so materially in its defence. She was then only 14 years old, and the service she rendered was that of placing herself on her knees in the centre of a square of soldiers, and supplying them with ammunition, filling their pouches so as to prevent a moment being lost, whilst showers of bullets were flying about her, and men fell dead on every side.

When the tidings of her husband's danger reached her she at once formed the determination of saving or of perishing with him whom she devoted on to distraction.

The cell in which Quintero was confined was small and narrow. The door was always left open, and a sentinel was placed at the entrance in order to keep the prisoner constantly in sight; another was stationed at the outer gate, and a third kept guard at the street door. To reach his dungeon it was necessary to pass these three doors, one of which was formed of iron bars. The prisoner had been forbidden to hold communication with any person whatever; and his wife's application to see and visit him had been sternly refused. The poor young woman went to the prison door several times every day with her baby in her arms, and as often returned after vain supplications for admittance, with a heart breaking in anguish. The only person allowed to enter the cell where the prisoner was confined was a young girl, who brought him his meals, and only 20 minutes allowed for dinner and supper. The former meal was taken at mid-day, and the latter in the evening. At seven o'clock in the evening of the 21st of November, a young female came to the outer door of the prison with a basket under her arm, which was partially concealed under a large coarse shawl flung across her shoulders; a red handkerchief was bound about her head, in the fashion of the Alavese peasant girls, and her costume was, otherwise, that of the *criadas*, or servant girls of Vittoria. She demanded permission, in the usual manner, to enter with the prisoner's supper. The sentinel at the gate referred her to the sergeant of the guard. Fortunately, the company which had before been on duty was changed that same day, and the general orders for their guidance referred only to the admission twice a-day of the bearer of the prisoner's meals, but did not give any specific description of the personal appearance of the bearer. After undergoing the coarse jests of and brutal allusions of the soldiers of the guard on her selection of so advanced an hour, when night had already commenced, to visit the prisoner, she was allowed to enter, and was successively passed from one sentinel to another until she reached the cell of the captive. By some awkwardness, or more probably by design, she threw down the small iron lamp which was suspended from the door frame, and by means of which the soldier stationed at the entrance, which was always left open, might have a partial view of his charge.

The moment they were left in darkness, and whilst the sentinel proceeded to the second gate to light the lamp, she addressed the young man—"My beloved Eulogio, lose not a moment, throw off your coat, put on my clothes, whilst I bind this handkerchief about

your head; take this basket in which my poor baby is asleep, and fly, fly, for the love of God! You will give the child to an old woman whom you will find waiting at the Bilboa gate. Provided that you and my child are out of danger, I am ready to suffer death in your place. Speak not a word; every moment is precious. You only lose time by attempting to resist or refuse, for I have come here with a determination which neither you nor any one else can change. Farewell! If I escape unharmed, and I do not think the regent will shoot me for my love for my husband, we will meet again; if not, Eulogio, think of me when I shall be in the grave, and love our child—the poor baby is not more than six weeks old. Hush! Speak not, the sentinel is here with the lamp."

Quintero made an effort to change her resolution, but she would listen to no argument. He did as she requested, and in the course of a few minutes he had put on her gown, shawl and handkerchief, and she wrapped herself up in his cloak. In order to prevent any suspicion on the part of the soldiers at the gate, they remained together the usual time allowed for the repast, and Eulogio then took up the basket, covered it with his shawl, and passed the first sentinel. As he was proceeding towards the outer gate the child awoke, and to prevent its cries from being noticed, the father began to sing, in a loud voice, an old Basque ballad. Providence, however, decreed that the interruption should not be noticed, and he at length succeeded in reaching the street. He at once proceeded to the gate indicated, found there the old woman, whom he recognized as having been his wife's nurse; gave the child to her, and, without a moment's delay, made for the mountains. Eight days he remained wandering amongst those tremendous passes with no clothing except his pantaloons and shirt, and his feet and hands torn by the brushwood in which he was obliged, from time to time, to conceal himself from the parties of military whom he was constantly encountering. He had not less than 24 leagues to travel before he could reach the frontier, and his food during the whole of the painful journey, was a morsel of bread and a draught of water or cider, given him by the poor peasants near whose habitations he found himself, and who, though knowing he was flying from the avenger, never once thought of betraying him. On reaching, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, the Bidassoa, he found that the left bank was occupied in every part by Spanish soldiers, who had even seized the boats to hinder the refugees from crossing. Being in a state of desperation he plunged into the river, careless whether he was shot or drowned. As if some superior will had decreed that the noble and heroic deed, prompted by pure conjugal love, should not pass without its due reward, Quintero succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, the part he had selected being fordable, the water reaching only to his middle; neither was he seen by the Spaniards.

On arriving on the French territory he knelt down, and in the enthusiastic fervour of his gratitude, returned thanks to heaven for his safety. He arrived in Bayonne the day before yesterday.

Up to two o'clock yesterday he had received no account of his wife, and he continues, as yet, in a state of indescribable anxiety as to her fate. There can be no doubt, however, of her ultimate safety and of her speedy reunion with the object of her love. Martin Zurbano himself could not find it in his heart to do otherwise than reward such an act of noble fidelity.

The young lady who has thus distinguished herself belongs to an ancient and respectable family in Guipuscoa. She is young and beautiful, as are the greater part of the females of her native province, of the middle size, slight, and exquisitely formed in her person.

She has been married something more than a year, and her child is not more than two months old.

## SCOTTISH INNS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital mine host was always furnished with the news of the country and was probably a little of a humorist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife was very common among the Scottish bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B——; while her husband amused himself with field sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the husband was met walking up the High Street, loaded with his guns and fishing rods, and replied calmly to some one that inquired after his wife, "that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery books;" the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house.—There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amuse-



ment of a journey "to parley with mine host," who often resembled in his quaint humour mine Host of the Garter, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; or Blague of the George, in the Merry Devil of Edmon-ton. Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case, the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—A jolly dame who, not "sixty years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honor to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," he said, "a placed minister of the kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk.—Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered drily, "Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and deil a spring they could play among them!"—Notes to the New Edition of the Waverley Novels.

From Tait's Magazine.

## ENDYMION; OR, A FAMILY PARTY OF OLYMPUS.

A ROMANCE.

BY RECHOBAM BEN ABRAHAM, JUN., ESQ.

### CHAPTER I.

'Twas a hot season in the skies. Sirius held the ascendant, and under his influence even the radiant band of the Celestials began to droop, while the great ball-room of Olympus grew gradually more and more deserted. For nearly a week had Orpheus, the leader of the heavenly orchestra, played to a deserted floor. The *élite* would no longer figure in the waltz. Juno obstinately kept her room, complaining of headache and ill-temper. Ceres, who had lately joined a dissenting congregation, objected generally to all frivolous amusements, and Minerva had established, in opposition, a series of literary soirées, at which Pluto nightly lectured on the fine arts and phrenology to a brilliant and fashionable audience. The Muses, with Hebe and some of the younger deities, alone frequented the assemblies; but with all their attractions there was still a sad lack of partners. The younger gods had of late become remarkably dissipated, messed three times a-week, at least, with Mars in the barracks, and seldom separated sober. Bacchus had been sent to Coventry by the ladies, for appearing one night in the ball-room, after a hard sederunt, so drunk that he measured his length upon the floor, after a vain attempt at a Mazurka; and they likewise eschewed the company of Pan, who had become an abandoned smoker, and always smelt infamously of cheroots. But the most serious defection, as also the most unaccountable, was that of the beautiful Diana,—*par excellence*, the *belle* of the season,—and assuredly the most graceful nymph that ever tripped along the halls of heaven. She had gone off suddenly to the country without alleging any intelligible excuse, and with her, the last attraction of the ball-room seemed to have disappeared. Even Venus, the perpetual lady patroness, saw that the affair was desperate.

"Ganymede—*mon beau garçon*," said she, one evening, at an unusually thin assembly, "we must really give it up at last. Matters are growing worse and worse, and in another week we shall positively not have enough to get up a tolerable gallopade. Look at these seven poor Muses sitting together on the sofa. Not a soul has spoken to them to-night, except that horrid Silenus, who dances nothing but Scotch reels."

"*Par dieu!*" replied the young Trojan, fixing his glass in his eye.—"There may be a reason for that. The girls are decidedly *passées*, and most inveterate blues. But there's dear little Hebe, who never wants partners, though that clumsy Hercules insists upon his conjugal rights, and keeps moving after her like an enormous shadow. 'Pon my soul, I've a great mind—Do you think, *ma belle tante*, that any thing might be done in that quarter?"

"O fie! Ganymede—*fié* for shame!" said Flora, who was sitting close to the Queen of Love, and overheard the conversation. "You horrid naughty man, how can you talk so?"

"*Pardou, ma chère!*" replied the exquisite with a languid smile.—"You must excuse my *badinage*; and, indeed, a glance of your fair eyes were enough at any time to recall me to my senses. By the way, what a beautiful *bouquet* you have there. *Parole d'honneur*, I am quite jealous. May I ask who sent it?"

"What a goose you are!" said Flora, in evident confusion; "how should I know? Some general admirer like yourself, I suppose."

"Apollo is remarkably fond of hyacinths, I believe," said Ganymede, looking significantly at Venus. "Ah, well! I see how it is. We poor detrimentals must break our hearts in silence. It is clear we have no chance with the *preux chevalier* of heaven."

"Really, Ganymede, you are very severe this evening," said Venus, with a smile; "but tell me, have you heard any thing of Diana?"

"Ah! *la belle Diane*? They say she is living in the country, somewhere about Caria, at a place they call Latmos cottage, cultivating her faded roses—what a color Hebe has!—and studying the sentimental."

"*Tant pis!* She is a great loss to us," said Venus. "*Apropos*, you will be at Neptune's *fête champêtre* to-morrow, *ne c'est pas*? We shall then finally determine about abandoning the assemblies. But I must go home now. The carriage has been waiting this hour, and my doves may catch cold. I suppose that boy, Cupid will not be home till all the hours of the morning."

"Why, I believe, the Rainbow Club *does* meet to-night after the dancing," said Ganymede, significantly. "This is the last oyster night of the season."

"Grecious goodness! The boy will be quite tipsy, said Venus.—"Do, dear Ganymede! try to keep him sober. But now, give me your arm to the cloak-room."

"*Volontiers!*" said the exquisite.

As Venus rose to go, there was a rush of persons to the further end of the room, and the music ceased. Presently two or three voices were heard calling for Esculapius.

"What's the row?" asked the learned individual, advancing leisurely from the refreshment table, where he had been cramming himself with tea and cakes.

"Leda's fainted!" shrieked Calliope, who rushed past with her vinaigrette in hand.

"Gammon!" growled the Abernethy of heaven, as he followed her.

"Poor Leda!" said Venus, as her cavalier adjusted her shawl.—"These fainting fits are decidedly alarming. I hope it is nothing more serious than the weather."

"I hope so too," said Ganymede. "Let me put on the scarf. But people will talk. Pray heaven it be not a second edition of that old scandal about the eggs!"

"*Fi donc!* you odious creature! How can you! But after all, stranger things have happened. There now, have done. Good night!" and she stepped into her chariot.

"*Bon soir,*" said the exquisite, kissing his hand as it rolled away. "'Pon my soul, that's a splendid woman. I've a great mind—but there's no hurry about that. *Revenons à nos oeufs*. I must learn something more about this fainting fit."

So saying, Ganymede reascended the stairs.

### CHAPTER II.

A brighter or more exhilarating sun never dawned upon Olympus than that which ushered in the *fête champêtre*, given by Neptune, perhaps the most popular middle-aged deity of the times. The magnificent lawn of his celestial villa was decorated for the occasion in a manner perfectly unique, even for heaven. A new entrance gate had been built entirely of conch shells; tents, fringed with costly sea-ware, were erected on every part of the grounds, and the ample tables they contained were stored with refreshments, terrestrial as well as marine.—Crowds of Nereids and Tritons were engaged as waiters on the guests, whilst, in the largest of the artificial ponds, Proteus, the celebrated juggler, who had been retained expressly for the occasion, went through a variety of aquatic evolutions,—sometimes imitating Sam Patch, the famous diver of Niagara, and sometimes assuming the terrific appearance of the great American sea-serpent. At an early hour, the company, which comprised the whole fashion of Olympus, were assembled in the villa, and after partaking of a sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette*, broke up into groups according to their several fancies, and strolled through the pleasure ground in search of amusement. With the reader's leave we shall play the spy upon one *tête-à-tête* held in a sequestered arbour.

"And so you preferred listening to Pluto's lectures on the dissolving views, instead of meeting me, as you promised, at the assembly! Pretty conduct, indeed, Mr. Apollo, after all that has passed between us!" said our fair acquaintance, Flora, poutingly, to a very handsome young man, with a magnificent head of hair, who strove to detain her reluctant hand in his own. "You needn't squeeze my fingers that way. I should have known you better. False, deceitful wretch that you are!"

"Nay! not false, not deceitful, my own charming Flora," replied Apollo, with much *empressment* in his manner. "You know Pluto is my uncle, and that I have great expectations from him; but I swear by Styx, that rather than draw one tear from the lovely eyes of my Spring-queen, I would pull the venerable codger by the nose!"

"Would you indeed?" said Flora.

"On my honor, I would, if you insisted on it. But why speak more of this? Can you doubt my love—my constancy?"

"Did Daphne find you constant?" asked Flora, with a sigh.

"Daphne? Daphne be hanged!" cried Apollo, vehemently. "She had the thickest ankles in the whole Peloponnesus! Speak not of her—but you, my own, my gentle Flora!—can you doubt that this fond heart beats, trembles only for you? O, on these rosy lips let me impress—"

"Lawk!" screamed Flora, "there's somebody coming."

And sure enough, two youths in military undress sauntered past the entrance of the arbor; and the keen glances they cast within sufficiently betokened their perfect consciousness of the proceedings of the amorous deity.

"Ah, Pollux! ah, Castor! my fine fellows, how are ye?" said Apollo, with great effrontery, rising and presenting a finger to each. "What sort of blow-out had you at Mars's last night. Pan and the rest, I presume, eh? Screwed, of course?"

"Tel-lol," said the eldest of the Gemini.

"I can easily believe it," said Apollo. "By the way, Pollux"—and he led the Argonaut aside—"you needn't say anything about seeing me and Flora together in the arbor—you understand? Not that it signifies a brass copper, but the confounded people here will always be talking, and I don't wish to have the poor girl annoyed. There's a good fellow—give a hint to your brother too, and both of you come and dine with me on Wednesday next at seven."

"I'm your man!" said Pollux. "Dinner and dumbness is the word! But I say, Apollo—really, now, ar'n't you coming it rather strong?"

"Devil a-bit!" said the Captain of the Archers. Flo. and I are old friends, and we flirt with each other merely to keep our hands in practice. But, come, let us all take a turn and see the fun."

The four proceeded from the arbour together. Various of the Celestials who encountered them, stopped the Gemini, inquiring eagerly after Leda, their mother's health.

"What the deuce do the people mean?" said Castor, after several such interruptions. "The old lady is as strong as a cart-horse, and ate four muffins this morning."

"Glad to hear it," said Apollo, drily. "But, come—let us walk upon the terrace, and look over the battlements of Olympus."

To that favorite spot they went, and bent over the blue cerulean, while the massive orb of the earth lay beneath them, revolving like a mighty ball. Midway between, they marked a lustrous speck enlarging as it soared upwards, until it seemed to assume the lineaments of a human figure.

"By Jingo! that's Mercury!" cried Pollux; "why, he's two hours before his time."

"Mercury, is it?" cried Pan, who, with his friend Bacchus, now came up. "Then, please the pigs, I'll get my manillas, at last."

"O, confound it!" said Bacchus. "He's a long way off yet. Let's go into one of the tents, and get a hot tumbler."

"No—no—man! stay a moment. There's Juno."

"Bon jour, Messieurs," said the Imperial Queen, caressing her favorite pea-hen, who followed her with as much docility as the famous tame Trans-atlantic oyster. "What can you be looking at, down there? Ah!" she exclaimed, adjusting her eye-glass, "Mercury, I declare, and in a monstrous hurry too! What possibly can have happened?"

The light figure, of the messenger of Olympus, now rose above the crystal battlements, and, with one graceful circuitous sweep, alighted in the midst of the Celestials. He was flushed and out of breath.

"Mr. Mercury! I presume you have brought me the *esprit de milles fleurs*?" said Juno.

"Dear Mr. Mercury—where's the blonde?" cried Flora.

"Mercury, my lad! did old Screwdriver cash that bill?" inquired Apollo.

"What says Hoby?" said Pollux.

"And Stultz?" added Castor.

"Merks, old chap! shell out the cheroots," said Pan.

"And the *eau de vie*," cried Bacchus with hiccup.

The herald of heaven looked from one to the other of his tormentors despairingly.

"I'll give up my place!" said he: "by the Lord, I will, rather than stand this bother! Do you think I had nothing to do but to look after your traps, and such a shindy down yonder as never was—Where's Jupiter? My wig! what a rage he'll be in!"

"What's the matter, Mercury? Bless me, what is it?" cried all the gods and goddesses in a breath.

"Matter! repeated the son of Maia: "matter enough, if you knew it. Diana's off—bolted—gone to Gretna Green, or the devil knows where."

"My sister eloped!" cried Apollo, hastily; "that's a lie!"

"Did you apply that expression to me, sir?" said Mercury, getting very red in the face, and squaring at the Pythian.

"Yes!" said the other, delivering a left-hander: and to it they went with the unction of Dutch Sam and Aby Belasco.

The goddesses shrieked and squalled. The gods formed a ring, and shouted in extreme ecstasy. How long the combat might have lasted is uncertain; but a stately figure burst through the circle, and interposed between the pugilists.

"None of this nonsense," thundered Jupiter in an overwhelming voice, "or I'll knock both of you to eternal smash! Apollo—you're an idiot: Mercury—you're another. Hold your tongues both; or rather you, Mercury, speak and explain this blackguard behaviour."

"Please your Excellency," said Mercury—But what Mercury said had perhaps better form the commencement of a new chapter.

### CHAPTER III.

"Please your Excellency," replied Mercury, "I said Diana had bolted—"

"Eh! what the devil! my daughter, Di?"

"Off—eloped—absquatulated," replied Hermes, applying a slice of raw potatoe to his eye.

"Ten thousand Phlegethous! and with whom?"

"A pig-driver, may it please your Excellency."

Apollo fell into convulsions. Jupiter swore horribly.

"Ten shillings for profane oaths," said Chief-Justice Rhadamanthus, taking out his pencil: "I must book the governor for the tin."

"My Lord Chief-Justice," said Jupiter, "make out a warrant instantly for the apprehension of the audacious scoundrel, who has made away with a ward of our celestial Chancery—What's his name, Mercury?"

"Endymion."

"For the apprehension of Endymion. I'll trounce the villain at common law, or my name's not Saturnus!"

Rhadamanthus did as he was desired; wrote out the warrant and delivered it (along with a small note of the fees) to the Father of gods and men.

"Here—you, Mercury," said Jupiter, "take this warrant and execute it instantly. Bring the prisoner here, and that unfortunate girl along with him, and do it directly."

"Your Excellency," said the son of Maia, with considerable dignity; "your excellency will please to remember that I am neither a bailiff nor a messenger's concurrent; if I undertake the job, I shall expect to be paid *extra*—"

"D'ye grumble, sirrah?" shouted Jupiter. "Be off like winking—or else—;" and he caught up a stray thunderbolt.

Hermes cleared the parapet of Heaven.

"Here's a shindy!" said Pan,—"blowed if I could have believed it! Di. looked as if butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth. What say you, Ganymede?"

The young Trojan indulged his curiosity with a supercilious stare at the questioner,—muttered something about "vulgar fellows" and "d—d impertinence," turned on his heel, and walked away.

"Well—if I ever!" said Pan. "I've a confounded mind to pull the puppy's nose."

"No, no!" said Bacchus, seizing his friend by the arm; "never mind the Jack-a-dandy. Come into this tent, and we'll have a pot and a pipe together."

Jupiter continued walking to and fro in a violent state of excitement. Most of the other deities had retired out of respect; but Juno would not lose such a charming opportunity for a few moral observations.

"Well, Sir," said she, "this is a very pretty business indeed!—Nice doings those for a daughter of yours! I presume you remember what I told you when you first allowed her to associate with my Lady Venus?"

"Madam!" said Jupiter, "if I were to remember half of your idiomatical conversation, I should have very little time to think of anything else."

"O very good!" replied Juno, bitterly; "you may be as rude as you please, but that won't alter facts. I repeat that you have yourself and no one else to blame."

"Zounds, woman!" cried the exasperated deity, "will you hold your infernal tongue? Here do I hardly know whether my head or heels are uppermost; and you keep pestering me with your palaver and Job's comfort."

"And this is my reward," said Juno, "for all my anxieties and cares! O you horrid—horrid brute!"

"Madam!" don't provoke me to blacken your ox-eyes!" roared Jupiter in a towering passion. "And now I think of it—there's these bloody peacocks of yours have scratched up all the vegetables in the garden; but I'll stop their tricks effectually. Here, Neptune! send for a blunderbuss."

"Don't! don't!" screamed Juno, in concert with her imperial fowls, who, as if conscious of their own imminent danger, set up such a peahawing, as would have stunned terrestrial ears—"Don't do any such thing, dear brother Neptune—for the love of Amphitrite, don't!"

There is no saying how the affair might have terminated, for Jupiter had picked up an enormous stone, with a view to peppering the peacocks, when a cry from Castor, that Mercury was reascending with the prisoners, restored a temporary calm, and once more drew the whole hierarchy to the battlement.

### CHAPTER IV.

The criminal van of the Celestial Courts was shaped something like a minibus, so that until it was fairly landed on the terrace, none of the eager company could catch a glimpse of those within.

Mercury sprang from the box. "Well! here they are safe and sound, and a pretty business I've had in catching them. Walk out, my doves. Here's a jolly party waiting for you!" And he opened the door.

To the utter amazement of Olympus, who expected the apparition of a curly-haired swarthy Asiatic, clad in tunic and buskins, after the fashion of the Carion pig-drivers,—out stepped from the vehicle a tall sandy-haired, raw-boned individual of six feet, arrayed from head to foot in a suit of tartans of mere lustrous dye than the fancy petticoat of Iris: in short, a Highlander in full costume—the first that ever set foot in the heathen heaven. After him descended Diana, blushing, and in tears, yet still peerless in immortal beauty. A murmur of astonishment ran through the assembled circle, which, however, produced no effect on the undaunted Scot, who continued to gaze around him with stoical indifference.

"Who the devil have we got here?" said Jupiter at length—"Are you Endymion, fellow?"

"Am the individual that was arrested at your instance," replied the



Highlander calmly, "in token of which I have here a copy of the charge, manifestly incompetent, as not having been executed by a regular messenger; and I reserve to myself a right of action of damages for wrongful imprisonment and otherwise, as accords of law."

"What the deuce does the fellow mean?" said the bewildered Jupiter.

"My Lord," interposed Rhadamanthus, "these matters had better be discussed in *pleno foro*. If it pleases your lordship to take your seat as Supreme Judge, you can constitute the Session, and proceed in common form to try this embarrassing case."

"Ye may do as you like," replied the Scot; "but as a preliminary defence, I plead the privileges of the College of Justice. Am an advocate's first clerk, and in no way amenable to any jurisdiction, except that o' my ain Court. *Vide Bothwell v. Maitland*, December, 1582.—*Morrison*, page 2399."

"What's the meaning of this jargon?" asked Jupiter.

"A declinature of jurisdiction, my Lord," said Rhadamanthus; "but it won't do. Fellow, that plea must be dismissed, as you are now beyond the bounds of the Court of Session."

"I was arrested in Scotland forty miles north o' Gretna, on the Carlisle road," persevered the Scot; "and the lad wi' the wings in his bannet hadna even a border warrant, though that wadna ha been competent neither."

"Is this the fact, Mercury?" asked Rhadamanthus.

"Pon my soul, I believe so," replied Mercury.

"Then Jupiter's in an ugly scrape, that's all; and the action must be dismissed," said Rhadamanthus.

"Ye're a wise judge, ma lord," said the Scot with a bow, "and weel versed in the Principles. Ye might make a first-rate Ordinar on the Bills. I submit that I am entitled to full expenses."

"Of course," replied the gratified Rhadamanthus.

"And is this confounded rascal to get off Scotfree, after having eloped with my daughter?" asked Jupiter.

"That's the law," said Rhadamanthus.

"Ye may gang before the Court o' Session, and tak' a remit to the Commissaries, upon finding caution *judicio sisti*," remarked the Scot; "and ye'll hae to gie in defences against a sma' action at my instance for wrongful imprisonment, and detention o' ma person: forbye an action o' repetition as ma wife's *curator bonis*. I presume now we're free to gang. Diana, ma pet, dight your e'n and pit on yer bannet, and we'll toddle cantily hame."

"Yes, dear Endymion!" said the sobbing Cynthia.

"Endymion! awa' wi' yer havers! Can ye no call me by my right name, Tavish Mactavish!—an ancient family, gentlemen, and weel kent at the back o' Breadalbane. Sae gude mornin' to ye. Maister Mercury! an' ye wad keep your head out o' the rape o' the law, just take us back to whaur ye fand us."

"Best thing you can do, my lad," remarked Rhadamanthus, in reply to an appealing look from the herald, who accordingly mounted and drove off.

"I'm a wretched man," said Jupiter.

"Here's a go!" roared Pollux, rushing hastily into the presence:

"Flora has bolted with Apollo."

Hercules entered, foaming at the mouth—"Justice! Almighty Jupiter! My wife, Hebe, is off with that villain, Ganymede."

"Father of gods and men!" cried the gouty Vulcan, limping up—

"Venus, my abandoned wife, has just eloped with Hesperus."

"Go to the Court of Session and the Commissaries, gentlemen," said Jupiter, with desperate calmness.

"O lord! O lord! here's an awful dispensation!" said Pluto, staggering in—"Jupiter, my dear brother, that wretch, Ixion!"

"What next?" said Jupiter—"out with it."

"That sacrilegious monster, Ixion, has carried off your Imperial Consort!"

"Heaven be praised!" cried Jupiter, dashing his wig among the stars, "that's the best news I've heard for many a day. Gentlemen all—least said is soonest mended. Bacchus! order out the drink—Fore George, we'll have a night of it; and to-morrow we can all go to the Commissaries together."

## FLORIDA.

The last number of the North American Review contains an article on the Florida war. It is written with considerable power, by a person who seems to be well acquainted with that country, and he describes in a graphic style the obstacles which our troops have had to encounter with in the war against the Seminoles. The following is an extract from this article.

"The surface of Florida is generally divided between hummock land and pine barrens. The former is for the most part wet, while the latter are dry, though, from their levelness, liable to be submerged after abundant rains. The growth of vegetation in the wet hummocks is very luxuriant, and forms a close and tangled mass, which is penetrated with much difficulty. These hummocks are sometimes like islands in the midst of the barrens, having been formed by basin-shaped depressions of the surface, which collect the rain-waters, and hold them a sufficient length of time to produce a luxuriant

growth of trees, vines, and shrubs, that scarcely show themselves where the pine prevails. But they more often follow the water-courses, and spread out from nearly every stream in Florida.—The pine barrens, however, the main portion of the peninsula, are the general rule, while the hummocks are only exceptions. The barrens are moved over by the troops with comparative facility; but, being every where intersected by spurs of hummocks, or by the hummocks themselves, no march of many hours can be made in any section of the territory, that does not encounter impediments which obstruct, delay, or perhaps entirely turn it aside. Besides, in the more southern portions of the peninsula, there are cypress swamps, the most impracticable of all the embarrassments that beset military operations in Florida. The cypress has a base that spreads like a trumpet's mouth, and though the trees may stand many feet apart, they almost crowd at the surface of the earth; while nearly every interstice is filled up by 'cypress knees,' which are sharp, slender, and short cones, seemingly set there like artificial obstructions to a march. These swamps are, moreover, mostly inundated, as their name bespeaks. In this enumeration of difficulties, we must not forget the sawgrass, and 'saw-palmetto,' both of which have separate edges, made harsh and unyielding by the mineral substance they take up in their growth, which tear the clothes, and lacerate the legs and feet of the soldiers moving through them, to a degree that can scarcely be comprehended by those who have not seen or felt their effects. The traces of a column through these lots and hindrances has often been marked by blood and tatters of clothing.

The copious rains in Florida—realizing the seeming exaggeration of Shakspeare, who says of a shower, 'it could not choose but fall by painful'—are also a cause of extreme embarrassment to military operations. Falling in such quantities upon any description of country, they would produce great inconvenience; but these inconveniences are incalculably multiplied by the singular flatness of the land in Florida. The very slight undulation of its general surface is not sufficient to give them any defined direction for many days. They accumulate often to such a degree as to leave none but the more elevated portions of the barrens or plains, above their level. Marches have sometimes been made for the principal part of a day through these shallow seas, with only a faint hope of finding dry ground of suitable extent for an encampment. Small streams are swelled to an unfordable depth, and the larger ones overflow their banks, appearing to have no channel, and becoming unapproachable. Almost every creek in Florida, even those which, according to the maps, would appear from their short courses, mere brooks, are of an unfordable depth. The St. Johns itself, with its ample breadth, is not deeper or more navigable than (were it not for fallen trees and sunken logs) many of its smallest tributaries, which, with their scarp-like banks, uniform depth, and narrow channels, have much of the character of canals, excepting in their ever tortuous course."

## EASTERN STORIES.

It was long since well remarked, that we can be hardly said to have a new story in the world. All the new tales, says Chaucer, were in his time come out of the old books. And the farther we trace back into the East, the more remote does the origin of our most trivial and popular legends appear to be.

It is impossible for the reader of the Odyssey not to be struck by the similarity which many of the adventures of Ulysses bear to those of Sinbad the Sailor. There have been many hypotheses framed to account for this fact. I admit that it is possible that the teller of the Arabian story may have read Homer, or received his "*speciosa miracula*" at second hand, but it is not very probable. My theory is, that the Greek in Ionia, and the Arab in Bagdad, drew on a common source, the origin of which it would perhaps be difficult to trace. A slight acquaintance with the stores of Sanscrit knowledge makes me think that it is to that literature that we are to look for the germ of many of our fictions.

\* Fortunatus's Wishing-Cap is a common story. The site of the tale is placed in Famagosta, the famous city of Cyprus. This location was chosen by the story-tellers of the middle ages to whom that island, in consequence of the crusades, Richard's exploits in it, the House of Lusignan, &c. &c. became a sort of country of romance. Tracing farther back, we find the tale to recede eastward, and told in the Bahur Danish. If we pursue our inquiries we shall trace it to India. In the Vrikat Katha, which is a collection of Hindoo tales, derived from the Sanscrit, we are told the adventures of Putraha, one of which is—

"While wandering in the woods he beheld two men struggling with each other. He enquired who they were. They replied that they were the sons of Mayasar, and were contending for a magic cup, staff, and pair of slippers—the first of which yielded inexhaustible viands, the second generated any object which it delineated, and the third transported a person through the air. The stronger of the two was to possess these articles. Putraha then observed to them, that violence was a very improper mode of settling their pretensions; and that it would be better they should adjust the dispute by less objectionable means. He therefore proposed that they should

run a race for the contested articles, and the fleetest win them. They agreed, and set off. They were no sooner at a little distance, than Putraha, putting his feet into the slippers, and seizing the cup and staff, mounted into the air, and left the racers in vain to lament their being outwitted."

Here the slippers play the part of Fortunatus's Cap, and the magic cup, which yields inexhaustible viands, is not very unlike his purse. The trick which Putraha plays resembles one in Grimm's German stories, where a prince obtains possession of a sword, the drawing of which cuts off heads, in a similar manner. But in general our northern legends do not turn so much on the exploits of stratagem as of open force. The Eastern evidently prefer the clever and ingenious trickster. Reynard the fox, who comes to us from the East, (witness the common story of his looking after grapes, which our western foxes do not eat,) is a greater favourite than Ir-goin the Wolf, or Bruin the Bear. Homer in this, too, shows his eastern origin, for Ulysses the *Polutropos* is evidently the hero for whom he has most respect and affection.

The *Fabliaux* are generally admitted to be directly oriental. I do not remember that their Indian origin has been pointed out by any of their commentators in any instance. I shall therefore avail myself of another story, translated from the *Vrikat Katha*. It is the foundation of the famous fabliau *Courtant Du Hamel, ou la dame qui attrappa un Pretre, un Provost, et un Forester*.

"Whilst I, Vararuchi the Story-teller, was thus absent, my wife, who performed with pious exactitude her ablutions in the Ganges, attracted the notice and desires of several suitors, especially of the king's domestic priests, the commander of the guard, and the young prince's preceptor, who annoyed her by their importunities, and terrified her by their threats, till at last she determined to expose and punish their depravity. Having fixed upon the plan, she made an appointment for the same evening with her three lovers, each being to come to her house an hour later than the other. Being desirous of propitiating the gods, she sent for our banker to obtain money to distribute in alms; and when he arrived, he expressed the same passion as the rest, on her compliance with which, he promised to make over to her the money that I had placed in his hands; or on her refusal, he would retain it to his own use. Apprehending the loss of our property, therefore, she made a similar assignation with him, and desired him to come to her house that evening, at an hour when she calculated on having disposed of her first comers, for whose reception as well as his, she arranged with her attendants the necessary preparations.

At the expiration of the first watch of the night, the preceptor of the Prince arrived. Upakosa affected to receive him with great delight; and, after some conversation, desired him to make a bath, which her handmaids had prepared for him as a preliminary condition to any farther intimacy. The preceptor made not the least objection, on which he was conducted into a retired and dark chamber, where his bath was ready. On undressing, his own clothes and ornaments were removed, and in their place a small wrapper given to him, which was a piece of cloth smeared with a mixture of oil, lamp black, and perfumes. Similar cloths were employed to rub him after bathing, so that he was of a perfectly ebony colour from top to toe. The rubbing occupied the time till the second lover (the priest) arrived, on which the women exclaimed, 'Here is our master's particular friend—in, in here, or all will be discovered;'—and hurrying their victim away, they thrust him into a long and stout wicker basket, fastened well by a bolt outside, in which they left him to meditate upon his mistress.

"The priest and the commander of the guard were secured, as they arrived, in a similar manner; and it only remained to dispose of the banker. When he made his appearance, Upakosa, leading him near the baskets, said aloud,—'You promise to deliver me my husband's property;' and he replied, 'The wealth your husband entrusted to me shall be yours.' On which she turned towards the baskets, and said, 'Let the gods hear the promise of Hiranyagupta.' The bath was then proposed to the banker. Before the ceremony was completed, the day began to dawn, on which the servants desired him to make the best of his way home, lest the neighbours should notice his departure; and with this recommendation they forced him, naked as he was, into the street. Having no alternative, the banker hastened to conceal himself in his own house being chased all the way by the dogs of the town.

"So soon as it was day, Upakosa repaired to the palace of Nanda, and presented a petition to the king against the banker, for seeking to appropriate the property entrusted to him by her husband. The banker was summoned. He denied having ever received any money from me. Upakosa then said, 'When my husband went away, he placed our household gods in three baskets; they have heard this man acknowledge his holding a deposit of my husband's, and let them bear witness for me.' The king, with some feeling of surprise and incredulity, ordered the baskets to be sent for, and they were, accordingly, produced in the open court. Upakosa then addressed them,—'Speak, gods, and declare what you overheard this banker say in our dwelling. If you are silent, I will unhouse you in this presence.' Afraid of this menaced exposure, the tenants of the bas-

kets immediately exclaimed,—'Verily, in our presence, the banker acknowledged possession of your wealth.' On hearing these words, the whole court was filled with surprise, and the banker, terrified out of his senses, acknowledged the debt, and promised restitution. The business being adjusted, the king expressed his curiosity to see the household divinities of Upakosa, and she very readily complied with his wish. The baskets being opened, the culprits were dragged forth by the attendants, like so many lumps of darkness. Being presently recognized, they were overwhelmed with the laughter and derision of all the assembly. As soon as the merriment had subsided, Nanda begged Upakosa to explain what it all meant, and she acquainted him with what had occurred. Nanda was highly incensed, and, as the punishment of their offence, banished the criminals from the kingdom. He was equally pleased with the virtue and ingenuity of my wife, and loaded her with wealth and honour. Her family were likewise highly gratified by her conduct, and she obtained the admiration and esteem of the whole city."

This tale is also in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*—in that portion translated by Dr. Jonathan Scott under the title of the *Lady of Cairo* and her *Four Gallants*, thereby affording a proof of the Sanscrit origin of these far-famed stories. I cannot mention the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, without expressing my gratification, that we shall soon have an opportunity of reading a further portion of them. It is well known, that Galland did not translate a fifth of the entire—and though it is universally agreed that he chose the best, and executed his task admirably, yet great light would be thrown on Asiatic manners and literary history in general, by the translation of the entire: I mean such as are translatable, for some of the *escapades* of the Asiatic writers are too free for our northern ears. The Rev. John Wait of St. John's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to fill part of the hiatus, by translating two or three volumes of them from the Arabian manuscripts of the public library of the university, which contain at least a thousand unpublished stories. The great oriental knowledge of Dr. Wait amply qualify him for such a task.

If there be any story which has quite an English air it is that of Whittington and his Cat. Are not, as Jack Cade's vouchers would say, the very bells of London alive at the present day to testify it? Yet the unrelenting East robs us even of that story. I can trace it no farther than Persia, where it was told by the Persian ambassador to Mr. Morier, from whose journey I copy it.

"In the 700th year of the Hejira, in the town of Siraf, lived an old woman with her three sons, who, turning out profligates, spent their own money and their mother's fortune, abandoned her, and went to live at Kais. A little while after, a Siraf merchant took a trading voyage to India and freighted a ship. It was the custom of those days, that when a man undertook a voyage to a distant land, each of his friends entrusted to his care some article of their property, and received the produce on their return. The old woman who was a friend of the merchant, complained that her sons had left her so destitute, that, except a cat, she had nothing to send as an adventure, which yet she requested him to take. On arriving in India, he waited on the king of the country, who, having granted him permission to trade with his subjects, also invited him to dine. The merchant was surprised to see the beards of the king and his courtiers incased with golden tubes, and the more so, when he observed that every man had a stick in his hand. His surprise still increased, when, upon serving up the dishes, he saw swarms of mice sally out from the walls, and make such an attack upon the victuals as to require the greatest vigilance of the guests in keeping them off with their sticks. This extraordinary scene brought the cat of the old woman of Siraf into the merchant's mind. When he dined a second time with the king he put the cat under his arm, and no sooner did the mice appear than he let it go, and, to the delight of the king and his courtiers, hundreds of mice were laid dead about the floor. The king, of course, longed to possess so valuable an animal, and the merchant agreed to give it up, provided an adequate compensation were made to its real owner. When the merchant was about his departure, he was shown a ship finely equipped, laden with all sorts of merchandise, and which he was told, was to be given to the old woman for her cat."

The dates of the English and Persian story strangely correspond. The 700th year of the Hejira falls in the 14th century, the very era of our Whittington.

It would not be hard to extend the catalogue; but I do not wish to keep my readers from more entertaining matter. I may remark, that among the amusing fairy legends of the south of Ireland lately attested by Mr. Crofton Croker, is one of an Enchanted Lake, with castles and palaces beneath. This is originally Sanscrit, as witness the city of Mabalialipoor, to which I ought to say Mr. Croker refers it.

\* I am indebted to the Calcutta Quarterly Magazine for the two stories I am going to quote.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—An ingenious hat-maker has in Europe taken out a patent which, so far as we can judge of its meaning, far surpasses in absurdity even any that has yet been enrolled.



He proposes to recover the spirits which have been employed in dissolving the gums used in "stiffening hats, hat bodies, bonnets, caps, and divers articles of merchandise, and converting such spirits (after rectification) into use, by submitting the said old hats, caps, bonnets, &c. to a sort of distillation!"

From the *Cygnets*.

## CESARIO BAGLIONE.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Late in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1527, two travellers were seen approaching Florence from the south, as they descended the hills, and the Etrurian Athens, with its fair white walls, lay before them, bathed in the glorious light of an Italian sunset, whose magic hues still hovered over the tops of the distant mountains; while the woods that skirted them stood out with their deep and solemn shadow, in rich harmonious contrast against the glowing sky,—the elder of the travellers, whose bearing rather than his dress proclaimed him the superior, reined in his horse, and sat motionless, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before him. The other checked his steed likewise, rather it should seem from respect to his companion than from admiration of the landscape; for he cast an indifferent eye around, and then began muttering an Ave Maria, that the time might not be altogether thrown away.

"By St. Anthony, this is a glorious sight!—what thinkest thou, Giascopo?"

"Aye, Signor, it is well enough," replied Giascopo: "but I think that as it is a good half league to Florence, we had better prick on our horses, or the gates will be closed."

"You are right," said the other, rousing himself, and putting his horse to speed.

They reached the city just in time to gain admittance that night. The travellers alighted at the first inn, and seated themselves on a bench before the door, where two or three of the better sort of the citizens were eagerly discussing the affairs of the republic over their wine-cups. The street in which the inn stood, presented an animated and pictorial effect, as the eye rested on the long perspective of houses, built after the old Italian fashion, with their deep embayed windows, fantastically carved, and now gilded with the last rays of the setting sun; the groups of citizens in their picturesque dresses, some sitting before their doors, singing to the accompaniment of the lute—others in passionate discourse on the rival factions, whose discord at that time set all Italy in a flame, presented countenances and attitudes worthy of a Raphael.

"Your Florence, Signori, wears a different aspect from some of the cities I passed through in my way hither," said the elder traveller, at length breaking silence.

"You are a traveller, then, Signor," said one of the persons addressed. "Perhaps you can tell us whether it be true that Charles of Bourbon is to be joined by the Regent of Naples, in his attack upon Rome."

"I have heard so."

"Shame," rejoined the other, with flashing eyes, "that one who bears so noble a name should league with felons and murderers in laying waste his native land!"

"Felons and murderers!—these, methinks, are strange names to apply to the followers of Charles, among whom may be reckoned some of the noblest in Italy."

"You cannot deny that the Duke has such in his service: and as to his nobles, I hold them little better in espousing such a cause."

The cheek of the traveller was flushed with crimson as he involuntarily grasped the dagger beneath his cloak; but he stifled his emotion and said calmly—"A large number of your fellow-citizens, then, Signor, are like to fall under your evil report. It is said that the Emperor has as many well-wishers as the Pope, in Florence."

"He lies most foully who says so!" said the Florentine, starting fiercely from his seat.

"Gently, good Antonio," said a third, who had hitherto remained a silent listener, "this cavalier does but repeat what he has heard, doubtless, without giving it credit."

The traveller's eye glanced at the speaker, as if he suspected a snare in the moderation of his words. He was a man advanced in life, with a watchful eye, and a cool, wary countenance; which did not greatly please the inspector.

"You are right, Signor," he rejoined, with an air of indifference. "I meant no offence, but your friend is somewhat fiery."

"He is young," said the other. "You and I, who have seen more years o'er our heads, can talk without quarrelling, though we may differ in opinion."

But the traveller seemed to have no inclination to accept the implied invitation to a prolonged discussion. He arose, and adjusting his cloak, ordered his servant to bring out the horses, and bade them good evening.

"There goes a spy of the Ghibeline faction; but I will watch his motions," muttered Antonio between his teeth; and snatching up his sword, he followed in the same direction. For some time he kept the horsemen in sight, till his progress was impeded by the crowd following in the train of the Gonfalonier, who was returning from council, in state.

Before he extricated himself they were gone. Still, however, Antonio, who was a youth of fierce passions, and hated the opposite faction with an intensity known only to the parties in a civil discord, kept up the chase till the night was far advanced. While he hesitated whether to continue the pursuit, or return home, two persons suddenly issued from a low door near the church of the Annunziata, near which he stood, and remained for some time in deep consultation. The street was dark, but the lamp burning in a niche before an image of the Virgin, discovered to Antonio's eager gaze the countenances of the elder traveller, and a person whom he knew to be in the service of a nobleman suspected of a correspondence with the Emperor. Presently the former drew a purse from his bosom, and gave it to the other, who took it hastily and disappeared. The stranger turned also to depart; but Antonio sprang forward, and crying "Traitor!—Spy!—Ghibeline!"—attacked him so vigorously, that the other, taken by surprise, had scarcely time to draw his sword before Antonio's furious outcry attracted several persons to the spot; who, on hearing the exclamation, joined in the fray. The stranger planted his back against the wall, and defended himself with such superior skill, that had the odds been less against him, must speedily have secured the victory. As it was, he began to feel exhausted by so unequal a contest; when an auxiliary appeared in the person of a youth, who, shocked by the unfairness of the combat, ranged himself on the side of the stranger, and bestowed his blows with such right good-will, that the assailers, in their turn, began to give ground. Amid the confusion caused by the raised voices and clashing swords, they did not heed the approach of half a dozen men, clothed in crimson, and carrying halberds, till their swords were struck, and they themselves arrested in the name of the republic. "The city guard, by St. Peter!" exclaimed the stranger's ally. "Follow me, Signor!" and with a dexterous jerk, he threw down the man nearest him, leaped over the crossed halberds of the guards, and fled with the speed of lightning. Both ran till the cries of the pursuers died away in the distance. They stopped to take breath; and the youth suddenly faced round on his companion, and said, with a look of recollection:—"And now, Signor, that we are safe, will you tell me what you were fighting about?"

"A proper question, after risking your life," said the other, laughing: "I think you should have asked me before."

"I had no time; but, Signor, you are hurt."

"A mere scratch, which I will speedily cure. I am a stranger in this city—can you direct me to the house of one Bertuccio, a notary?"

"Bertuccio!" ejaculated the youth,—"what would you with him?"

"I have business."

"Oh, if you have business, well: but if you seek a kind Samaritan to bind up your wounds, you will not find one in Messer Bertuccio."

"You know him, then?"

"Ay, Signor—so well, that I wonder how any one should willingly seek him; seeing that I have dwelt in his house some years, and long for nothing so much as to run away from it."

"You are his relation, or perhaps his apprentice?"

"Neither, by the blessing of Heaven. Some years ago, when the Emperor's troops laid waste Perugia, I was left sprawling amid the ruins of a sacked town, as neither worth killing nor carrying away. Messer Bertuccio was then journeying in Perugia, and his wife would have him take care of me; which he was willing enough to do, while the price of the jewels about me answered the charge twice over, and his wife lived. She is dead, and I"—

"And you," said the stranger, who had listened to him with deep interest—"are you, who have given this night such a proof of a gallant spirit—are you content to waste your youth at the desk of a pitiful notary, when all Italy is in a flame; and when valour may win a prize worthy an Emperor's crown?"

"Content!" said the youth, with a cheek of flame, and dashing from him with violence the ink-horn at his girdle, which had revealed his profession to his companion—"is the eagle content to perch with the carrion crow? No; but I am content to herd with swine, till Messer Bertuccio can no longer say that I owe him aught; and then I will, with my sword, carve out a fortune for myself, that the noblest in Italy may envy. Signor, this is the house you seek."

They entered a long narrow passage, on one side of which was a door. The youth pushed it, and admitted his companion into a room about eight feet square; one side of which was occupied by a desk, black with age, and heaped with papers. The floor was covered with huge piles of parchment; and by the faint glimmer of an old lamp, suspended from the ceiling, Messer Bertuccio was discovered poring over a deed. He was a little old man, so pinched with age and avarice, that he resembled an aged ape. At the noise of their entry he raised his head; and fixing his sharp, rat-like eyes on the youth, said, in a querulous tone—"Well, Signor Cesario, what more brawls, anon—there's blood upon thy face!—I would it were from thy heart. I warrant I must to the Podesta again: thou hast cost more scudi than thy brains are worth. Ha! a stranger hast thou brought: some bravo, to murder the old man for his gold!" And instinctively his shaking hand grasped a dagger that lay beside him.

"Messer Bertuccio, do you not know me?"

"Sanctissima Maria! ora pro nobis!" said the old man, crossing himself with a look of affright. "The Signor Adimari in Florence?—Ha, Cesario! why dost thou linger here?—wouldst learn the old man's secrets, that thou mayest rifle his strong box? Ha!"

"Tush!" said Adimari, "there is no cause to fear, Messer Bertuccio: I will answer for this youth; he has done me good service to-night, and

I will reward him accordingly: but of that anon. Cesario, my friend, leave us now: my business requires despatch—I will speak with thee by and by."

The conference between Adimari and Bertuccio lasted till midnight. During the whole time, Cesario paced up and down the passage with impatient steps. Once or twice he caught the sound of his own name; and this coupled with the demeanor of Adimari, awakened in his youthful bosom hopes and feelings he could not crush, and yet feared to indulge. When the door opened, and Adimari's voice was heard inquiring for him, his heart's tumultuous throbs almost deprived him of sensation. Adimari smiled as he looked on Cesario's burning cheek and flashing eye. "I would wager," said he, "that my thoughts anticipate my purpose. What sayest thou, Cesario, to quitting the pen for the sword, and serving with me under the valiant and renowned general, Charles, of Bourbon?"

The youth grasped Adimari's hand, in gratitude too big for words. Adimari again smiled. "Be ready then to quit Florence with me tomorrow; and keep this,"—dropping a purse into his hands, as he left the house—"thou wilt find more wants than there are pieces."

"Has he given thee gold, good Cesario?" said Bertuccio, advancing towards him with trembling steps, gloating eyes, and withered shaking hands, extended as if to clutch the glittering bait.

Cesario looked on him for a moment with unutterable scorn. Then taking out a few pieces of gold, he flung the purse to the miserable dotard. "Take it, Messer Bertuccio—and farewell. Now I owe you nothing."

On the following day, before the sun had risen above the horizon, Adimari, accompanied by Cesario and Giacomo, was far on his way to the head-quarters of the Duke of Bourbon's army. Adimari had been employed by the Ghibeline party to negotiate with those nobles of Florence who were disaffected to the republican government; and not feeling himself safe in the Florentine territory, did not relax his speed till they were out of it. By the time they reached Bracciano, the army had moved forward, and encamped near the abbey of Farfa. It was a brilliant and enlivening spectacle to see the extended line of tents, far as the eye could reach; the venerable and majestic abbey, with its magnificent woods flanking in the background; the parties of soldiers, in their various costumes, galloping about the fields, their arms glittering in the sunshine; and to hear their cries of joy ringing in the clear air, as they saw the coveted prize—"the Eternal City!" rising before them in its time-hallowed magnificence. In the midst of the field was the tent of the Duke of Bourbon, distinguished by the Imperial Eagle, and white Standard, waving proudly over it. The royal leader was surrounded by officers of high rank; but it was impossible to mistake for a moment the noble form of that graceful Prince whose refusal of the proffered hand of a Queen had driven him into rebellion against his sovereign, and well nigh cost him his life. Charles received Adimari with his usual graciousness, and appointed him to an honorable post in his own regiment, which he was to lead in person to the assault. In an army, composed like Charles's, of adventurers of all nations, felons, and banditti, there was little discipline observed. In defiance of the Duke's injunctions, large bodies of the soldiery scoured the country in every direction; carrying off the cattle, maltreating, and sometimes murdering the inhabitants, and burning whole villages in mere wantonness. On the evening preceding the assault, Adimari went in pursuit of a party who had strayed beyond their limits; and Cesario's yet uncorrupted heart, sickening with the mad riot of the camp, found relief in attending him. As they were returning by the Campo Santo, Cesario lingered to enjoy a scene so new to him, till his companions were out of sight. The moon had risen with a brilliancy unknown in these northern climes, and by her light he could distinctly see the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo.

The wild uproar of the camp, softened in the distance, rose occasionally on the air, as if to make the stillness that succeeded more apparent. Cesario rode slowly on, plunged in those blissful reveries of youth, when fame, and happiness, and glory, seem not phantoms, to lure us to destruction, but visions, "palpable to feeling as to sight; " when he was roused from his dream by rough voices, demanding his name, and what he did there. Four horsemen had approached, unheard on the soft turf, and surrounded him, before he was aware. "A spy of the Bourbon, by the keys of St. Peter!" said one—"I will knock him on the head, and leave his bones to whiten, for an example to the rest;" and he raised his carbine; but Cesario recovering from his surprise, discharged his piece by way of answer, and attempted to dash through them. In an instant his arms were seized and pinioned—his eyes bound; and one of the men taking his horse's bridle, the whole party returned to Rome at full speed. When Cesario was set at liberty, he found himself in a guard-room, filled with soldiers. At the upper end, before a stone table, sat an officer, whose commanding front and stately bearing announced one high in authority. This was the renowned Orazio Baglione, whose valor had nearly made him master of his native Perugia, and then in the service of the Pope.

One of the soldiers who had captured Cesario began to relate his adventure; but hardly had the word "spy" escaped his lips, when the boy, wresting his own pike from his hand, felled him to the ground, saying, "Noble general, he lies most foully—I am no spy, but a soldier."

"Ha!" said Baglione, "thou art a bold youth; 'tis a pity such a one should be a Ghibeline. How long hast thou served Charles of Bourbon?"

"I have never served at all, yet," replied Cesario; "and by my faith, I think I never shall, seeing that I have met with such a mischance at the onset." The tone of boyish petulance with which he spoke, contrasted so oddly with his previous boldness, that Baglione and the soldiers laughed aloud. Cesario looked fiercely from one to the other, guessing that he was the object of ridicule, though unconscious why.—"By your leave, Signor," said he, "it is neither the part of a soldier nor a nobleman to insult an enemy, whom accident has placed in his power."

Baglione, too generous to be offended at his hardihood, instantly composed his countenance, and questioned him in a more conciliatory tone. "Well, good youth," said he, when Cesario was silent, "I like thine ambition well: it is an honorable one, and shall be gratified, if thou art content to follow Baglione, instead of the Bourbon. In other words, wilt thou flesh thy maiden sword in defence of thy native land, or league with traitors in subjugating her to a foreign power?"

Cesario's face glowed like fire, but he spake not. His early education in Florence had early enlisted his prejudices to the Guelphic faction—and the riot and debauchery of Charles's camp were such as to fill his youthful mind with horror. His pride, too, was gratified by the question of the famed Baglione; while, on the other hand, he considered his honor pledged to Adimari and the Duke of Bourbon. The penetrating eye of Baglione read in a moment what was passing in his mind. Without pressing him farther, he committed him to the charge of an officer, with orders to use no more restraint than was necessary to prevent his leaving the city.

As soon as the first faint streaks of light were visible in the east, the cries of the people, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and the roar of artillery, told that the assault had begun. Cesario followed the officer into the streets, which were filled with the populace; some prostrate before the numerous images, or swelling the train of the Pontiff, as he proceeded in grand procession, carrying the Host, and attended by all the Cardinals in Rome to the church of the Vatican, to implore the protection of Heaven. Cesario rushed to the walls with the instinct of a war-horse, at the sound of the trumpet; and in a short time found himself, to his great astonishment, fighting zealously by the side of that very Baglione whom but the day before he expected to meet as an enemy. Bourbon, conspicuous from his white mantle, was foremost in the attack, encouraging his men, by gesture and example, to fix the scaling ladders, which he was the first to mount. Scarcely had his foot pressed the step, when a discharge from the ramparts dashed him breathless to the ground. The besieged uttered a cry of triumph, and for a moment his troops fell back in dismay—the next, the charge was renewed with redoubled fury. The assault continued three days. On the fourth, Cesario was sent by Baglione to the castle, with a message to the chief engineer, Antonio Santa Croce. As he was returning, there was a cry—a shout of mingled triumph and despair—that seemed to rend the skies: flying parties of their own troops, and women running hither and thither, with their screaming children, told the appalling truth—the city was carried! From the quarter of Trastevere, a body of the German auxiliaries, headed by the Prince of Orange, came rushing like a whirlwind, carrying death to whatever opposed them. The soldiers deserted the walls, and thronged the streets, disputing every inch of ground with desperate valor. The yells of the combatants—the deafening roar of the cannon—the maddening shrieks of females in the grasp of the licentious soldiery, piercing the ear with horrid clearness, through all the infernal uproar—the streets and squares heaped with the slain, and running with blood—all the ghastly sights and sounds of a city taken by storm—struck horror and dismay to the bosom of Cesario. All hell seemed open to his view. Still he fought like a young lion at bay, dealing no second blows; and himself, as if by a miracle, escaping almost unhurt, till he reached the square of the Vatican, where the Pope's guards were in vain attempting to defend the entrance to the church.

Over gory carcases, the dying and the dead, Cesario forced his way into the nave, just in time to strike down a Huguenot soldier, who, with a cry of "Down with Antichrist and his supporters!" aimed a furious blow at the head of Baglione. Hand to hand the death-struggle was maintained, till the Pontiff made his escape by a secret passage, to the castle of St. Angelo; and then Baglione, making a desperate sally from the church, Cesario lost sight of him.

The conflict raged till night with unabated fury. To add to the horror of the scene, the enemy, after rifling the houses and churches, set fire to them. Amidst the tumult and the smoke, it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes.

Faint with the loss of blood, and parched with intolerable thirst, Cesario crawled towards one of the public fountains. The fire from a neighboring palace shed a lurid glare upon the ghastly faces of numbers who had expired in a vain attempt to reach the waters. One miserable wretch had fallen in, and the stream was polluted with his blood. Cesario turned, shuddering, away, and sat down on the steps. Suddenly an appalling shriek from a female voice struck on his ear; and a young and lovely woman, with hair dishevelled, and garments torn and bloody, rushed from the burning palace, followed by a soldier. With frantic agony she clasped Cesario's body, and implored him to save her. Before he could reply, the savage sprung upon his victim, with the howl of an infuriated wolf. Inspired, for the moment, with superhuman strength, Cesario disengaged his right arm, and plunged his dagger in the ruffian's heart, then throwing the insensible form of the lady across his shoulder, he made his way back to the church of the Vatican, striking



indiscriminately all he met. It was nearly deserted; with one wild effort, he reached the high altar and the secret door. There nature failed at once, and he sunk, with his burden, to the ground. In the fall, his foot touched the spring, and they fell, together, into the subterranean passage!

Two years after the sacking of Rome, a splendid festival was held in the Colonna palace. A thousand lamps poured a flood of light upon the gorgeous room, where countless throngs of gallant nobles, and bright dames, moved gaily to the sound of the softest music. But who is she, the fairest where all are fair?—the jewels on whose brow were dim to the eyes that flashed beneath!—whose cheek and lip but mocked the roses twined in her clustering hair!—who, half smiling, half blushing, all loveliness, listens, with downcast eye and half-averted face, to the youth at her side, in manhood's earliest prime—who gazes on her with eyes radiant with love and joy? It was a daughter of the illustrious house of Colonna, and Cesario Baglione—he who, in calling her his bride, had fulfilled his youthful boast, and won a prize of brighter worth than the crown of the imperial Charles.

In the midst of the marriage festival, when all was revelry and joy, a servant approached, and whispered the bridegroom. He started, and changed color. His lovely Olympia spoke to him with an air of alarmed and timid tenderness: but he heard her not, and quitted the hall.

In an unfurnished chamber, half-lighted by a single torch, a stranger stood muffled in a dark mantle. As Cesario approached, he stepped forward, and dropped it—it was Adimari!

"Signor Cesario Baglione," said he, "I come to claim your protection. The league between the Pope and the Emperor has made me a beggar and an outcast; and there are many in the court of Rome who seek my life."

"Fear not, Adimari, my friend, to whom I owe all my present bliss!" said Cesario, rushing to embrace him—"wait my return."

He hurried to the festal hall. In a few brief sentences, he explained all to his bride—"But for Adimari, my Olympia, I had never known thee!"

It was enough—Olympia went to throw herself at her father's feet, and never rose till he had promised his powerful intercession with the Pontiff.

At that time nothing was refused to Colonna. A few weeks saw Adimari reconciled to the Church; and Cesario whispered to his friend, as he presented him to his bride Olympia—"Did I not prophesy truly when I said, I would carve out for myself a fortune the proudest in Italy might envy?"

### "JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE."

Every one is familiar with the name and situation of this celebrated building, but few are acquainted with its origin. Its history is interesting:—

"John o'Groat's House is a memorable place, in the parish of Canisbay, in Caithness in Scotland, which, perhaps, owes its fame less to the circumstances of its local situation, at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which it may not be improper to relate, as it inculcates an useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, supposed to have been originally from Holland, arrived in Caithness, with a letter from that Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. These brothers purchased some land near Dungisbayhead, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families have lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, established an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedence, each contending for the seniority and chieftainship, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had heretofore enjoyed, owing to the harmony which had subsisted among them; he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them, and expel them the country. He therefore earnestly requested them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and prevent the possibility of such disputes at the future anniversary meetings; they all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagon figure, with eight doors, and having placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle; when the next meeting took place, he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's House; and though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the

name deserves to be remembered for the intentions and good sense which gave it origin.

**JEMMY DAWSON.**—Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of *Jemmy Dawson* is founded in truth, and was taken from a narrative first published in *The Parrot* of the 2nd of August 1740, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:—

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kensington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the Royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any sort or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume the heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"The excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

**PICTURESQUE BEAUTY OF THE OAK.**—A fine oak is one of the most picturesque of Trees. It conveys to the mind associations of strength and duration, which are very impressive. The oak stands up against the blast, and does not take, like other trees, a twisted form from the action of the winds. Except the cedar of Lebanon, no tree is so remarkable for the stoutness of its limbs; they do not exactly spring from the trunk, but divide from it; and thus it is sometimes difficult to know which is stem and which is branch. The twisted branches of the oak, too, add greatly to its beauty; and the horizontal direction of its boughs, spreading over a large surface, complete the idea of its sovereignty, over all the trees of the forest. Even a decayed oak,—

"—dry and dead,  
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,  
Lifting to Heaven its aged hoary head,  
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold!"—

—even such a tree as Spenser has thus described is strikingly beautiful: decay in this case looks pleasing. To such an oak Lucan compared Pompey in his declining state.

**ENGLISH WOMEN.**—Nothing could be more easy than to prove, in the reflected light of our literature, that from the period of our Revolution to the present time, the education of women has improved among us as much, at least, as that of men. In every age since that of Charles II., English women have been better educated than their mothers. For much of this progress we are indebted to Addison. Since the Spectator set the example, a great part of our higher literature, unlike that of the preceding age, has been addressed to the sexes in common: whatever language could shock the ear of woman, whatever sentiment could sully her purity of thought, has been gradually expunged from the far greater and better portion of our works of imagination and taste; and it is that growing refinement and delicacy of expression, throughout the last century, which prove, as much as anything, the increasing number of female readers, and the increasing homage which has been paid to the better feelings of their sex.

**PLEASANT.**—In the evening's ride, a loose horse having frightened the ladies, I gave my own pugnacious gentleman to be held by a soldier, while I attempted to drive the other away. In the meantime the soldier let my horse go, who immediately dashed at the loose one, attacked him, followed him to the lines, and was found with the other brute thrown down and he standing over him. It is one of the great drawbacks to equestrian exercise in India, this pugnacious propensity, to which all these country horses are more or less addicted; and it often happens that one is aroused from a pleasant conversation with one's next neighbour by a lion-roar from either his or your horse; a kick and fight follow, and if one escapes having one's leg broken it is often at the expense of a bad fall in getting out of the way of the combatants.—*Capt. Fane's Five Years in India.*



NEW-YORK SPRING FASHIONS—1842.